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JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

The death of Mr. Symonds, at Rome, on the nineteenth of April, has removed from the field of English letters one of its most graceful and accomplished representatives. He had only reached the age of fifty-two (Shakespeare's age), but his death was not wholly unexpected. Many years ago he was forced to leave England by pulmonary disease that threatened his life, and to take up a practically permanent residence at Davos, in the Engadine. His life in this mountain home has been described by himself in a number of charming magazine articles, and by his daughter in a recently published volume. He occasionally ventured upon short excursions from his seat of exile—mostly into Italy for the collection of the material required by his literary work—and it was evidently upon one of these excursions that he gave up, a few days ago, the long struggle with ill health.

His enforced residence in what was, for the literary worker, an almost complete solitude, has left its mark upon the work of his later years. Absence from all libraries but his own has given to much of that work an inadequate character, and left it lacking in the accuracy demanded by modern scholarship. For these defects, considering their excuse, he has been subjected to unfairly harsh criticism. It is really remarkable, under the conditions, that his work should have as high a scientific character as that with which it must be credited, and it surely offers a case in which the verdict of justice should be tempered by that of mercy. On the other hand, the author's long freedom from the distractions of English life enabled him to become a prolific worker, and the literary activity of his later years has been very marked. He has produced new volumes in rapid succession, and most of them have been volumes of unquestionable importance. Much of his later work has been shaped by the necessities of his isolated situation, and has taken forms that did not require the resources of great collections of material. His translations from the Italian, and his subtle analyses of the principles of aesthetic criticism, are illustrations of this general statement, although we must admit that the most important of his later works, the life of Michelangelo, had to be, and was, based upon an exhaustive study of the contemporary documents. As these were to be found in Italy, a country within his reach, he was enabled, even in his years of exile, to produce one work of capital scientific value.

Whatever form Mr. Symonds might give to his work, it was, like that of the great Frenchman whose loss we have so lately mourned, essentially critical in spirit, and its author will be remembered

among the critics, rather than among the poets, the travelers, or the narrative historians. But his critical method was radically unlike that of his French contemporary, being as subjective as that of Taine was objective. He constantly sought to place himself within the mind of the writer or historical character with whom he was engaged, to see the world with his eyes, and to treat the environment as secondary in time if not in significance. Taine, as we all know, deduced the man and his work from the surrounding conditions; Symonds took the man and his work as the data of the problem, seeking to understand rather than to account for them. We are not here concerned to compare the two methods of work. Both of them are capable of excellent results, and either of them, if carried far enough, involves the other. It is sufficient to say that a writer committed to the one does not, as a rule, realize all the possibilities of the other, and falls short of that synthesis of the two that will produce the criticism of the future.

When Schelling spoke of architecture as frozen music, he sounded the keynote of what we may call the romantic manner in criticism. "In romantic writing," as we are told by Professor Sidney Colvin, "all objects are exhibited as it were through a colored and iridescent atmosphere. Round about every central idea the romantic writer summons up a cloud of accessory and subordinate ideas for the sake of enhancing its effect, if at the risk of confusing its outlines." To Mr. Symonds as a critic this definition of romanticism closely applies. A student of all the arts, a lover of natural no less than of non-created beauty, he was constantly bringing one set of impressions to the aid of another. He delighted in illustrating poetry by the phrases of landscape, and painting by the language of music. Those who will have only the clean-cut critical phraseology of Sainte-Beuve and Arnold resent the exuberance of Symonds, and do imperfect justice to its beauty as well as to its power of making a lasting impression. If they admit the latter quality, they will say that the impression is false, that the half-lights of romanticism are misleading, and that each artistic or other embodiment of beauty has its distinct province, forgetting that all forms of beauty appeal to the same emotional consciousness, and that the law of association is no less valid in the emotional than in the intellectual sphere. Professor Tyrrell, in a satirical sketch of the modern methods of classical study, says: "To study the works, for instance, of the Greek dramatists is no longer a road to success as a scholar, or as a student. No: you must be ready to liken *Æschylus* to an Alpine *crevasse*, *Sophocles* to a fair avenue of elms, and *Euripides* to an amber-weeping *Phæthonid*, or a town-pump in need of repairing." This is clearly a reference to such books as Symonds's "Studies of the Greek Poets," and yet that book has done more to rouse an enthusiasm for Greek poetry and foster a desire for its acquaintance, than all the unromantic tomes of the grammarians.

One subject Mr. Symonds made his own, and by his work done upon that subject he will be chiefly remembered. The Italian Renaissance has had historians of more minutely accurate scholarship, and its separate phases have perhaps found occasional treatment subtler and more profound than it was in his power to give them. But the period as a whole, its political and domestic life, its literature and art, received at his hands a treatment that lacks neither grasp nor sympathy, that is distinctly the best and most attractive in English literature. This treatment is chiefly embodied in the series of seven volumes, beginning with "The Age of the Despots" and ending with the "Catholic Reaction," but is also to be sought in the masterly life of Michelangelo, in "An Introduction to the Study of Dante," in the verse and prose translations from Italian literature, and in the host of studies and sketches from time to time contributed to the periodicals. Upon the fascinating period with which all this work deals the best part of the author's thought was centred, and modern criticism offers few instances of so close an adaptation of a writer to his theme. Both by temperament and by training he was the man for the work, and the way in which, the main body of the work accomplished, he has lingered upon the outskirts of his chosen field of study reveals the extent to which the subject took possession of his mind and sympathies. The author's studies of other literatures than the Italian are chiefly represented by his work on the Greek poets, his essay on Lucretius, his "Sidney" and "Shelley" in the "English Men of Letters" series, his "Jonson" in the series of "English Worthies," and his thick volume entitled "Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama," intended to be the first volume of a complete history of our great dramatic period. His volumes of travel in Italy and Greece are genuine literature, exemplifying the wealth of his learning, the justness of his perceptions, and the beauty of his style. His original verse, considerable in amount, falls short of being great poetry, but may be read with keen pleasure, and appeals strongly to the reflective mind. His essays on the principles of aesthetics are burdened with verbiage and not always lucid in enunciation, but they are weighty enough to amply repay their readers. When we consider his work as a whole we are impressed with its range, its sanity, and its devotion to the Goethean ideal of the good, true, and beautiful. His death makes a conspicuous vacancy in the rapidly thinning ranks of our older writers, and upon no other shoulders does his particular mantle seem yet to have fallen.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

A Dante Exhibition has just been opened in London, under the direction of Mr. Philip Wicksteed. According to the "Saturday Review," the exhibits, with the catalogue, "form a sort of personally-conducted tour through the 'Divine Comedy.'"¹³ There are cases of

books and manuscripts, charts illustrating the geography and cosmography of Dante's time, pictures of various sorts, and a collection of gems "to show the symbolical significance of colors and examples of precious stones mentioned by Dante." The books and manuscripts are said to constitute the most satisfactory feature of the Exhibition, and include a MS. of Boethius, a splendid Book of Hours, and the commentary (1481) of Cristoforo Landino, from the Vernon collection. There are also early editions, Aldine and others. The pictures range all the way from Botticelli to Rossetti, and their relevancy to the subject is not always apparent. The Exhibition must be of great interest, and we wish it were a part of the World's Fair, although we have no desire to pose in the character of Dives.

In connection with our discussion, in the last number of *THE DIAL*, of the possible degradation of our language into a dialect form of English speech, and with the communication from Professor Emerson in this issue, it may be well to call attention to Mr. Lowell's weighty words upon this subject, as found in one of the essays of his posthumous volume. "The purity, the elegance, the decorum, the chastity of our mother-tongue, are a sacred trust in our hands. I am tired of hearing the foolish talk of an American variety of it, about our privilege to make it what we will because we are in a majority. A language belongs to those who know best how to use it, how to bring out all its resources, how to make it search its coffers round for the pithy or canorous phrase that suits the need, and they who can do this have been always in a pitiful minority. Let us be thankful that we too have a right to it, and have proved our right, but let us set up no claim to vulgarize it. The English of Abraham Lincoln was so good not because he learned it in Illinois, but because he learned it of Shakespeare and Milton and the Bible, the constant companions of his leisure." No better answer than this could be made to the preposterous claim that American literature should be written in a language of its own. It may come to be so written—Dr. Hall is of the opinion that it is so written already—but the change, whether achieved or prospective, is no matter for self-gratulation.

During the progress of the work done in preparation for the Columbian Exposition, there have been a number of occurrences to show that those having the work in charge were better fitted to deal with the material problems involved than to grasp the relations between the Fair and the higher culture. The latest of these occurrences is perhaps the most noteworthy in its display of ineptitude. We are given to understand that certain pianists—the great and only Paderewski being one—already engaged for concerts in the Music Hall may not be permitted to play upon the instruments of their choice. This would, of course, be equivalent to breaking the engagements with them, for no artist concerned for his reputation will play upon a piano with which he is unfamiliar. The reason assigned for this extraordinary resolution—which we cannot believe will be really persevered in—is that the manufacturers of the pianos in question have withdrawn their exhibits from the display of musical instruments. Into the merits of this dispute we do not care to enter, but only a sadly sophisticated mind could seriously pretend that the refusal of a manufacturer to exhibit his pianos could be made the reasonable ground of a refusal, by the Exposition authorities, to allow Mr. Paderewski to use one of those pianos in his concerts.

LUCY LARCOM.

Miss Lucy Larcom, who died on the 17th of April, well-known and beloved by all readers of American poetry, was born at Beverly, Mass., sixty-seven years ago, and began to compose verses as soon as she could write. The New England of that era was still dominated by Americans. Luxury and poverty were alike unknown. Farmers' daughters held it no reproach to work in the factories, and, like countless other girls in her station of life, Miss Larcom, while still young, was obliged to work for her own support. The operatives of the Lowell mills were for the most part from the native population, and remarkable for their high order of intelligence. They furnished us with the first, if not the only, instance of a purely industrial community conducting a purely literary magazine. The "Lowell Offering" was established in 1841, the contributors being confined to the female mill operatives. This enterprise, which lasted for years, may be regarded as one of our literary landmarks. The reader will recall Mr. Dickens's admiration of the intelligence of these working-girls, who, after twelve hours of tedious work every day, could still find time to cultivate music and literature. "Of the merits of the 'Lowell Offering' as a literary production," he says, "I will only observe, putting entirely out of sight the fact of the articles having been written by these girls after the arduous labors of the day, that it will compare advantageously with a great many English annuals." The published edition at one time amounted to 4000 copies. A volume of extracts from the "Offering" was published by its editor, Miss Farley, in 1847, and two years later Charles Knight published in London another selection from its pages, entitled "Mind among the Spindles."

Miss Larcom, though still a young girl, was among the brightest contributors to the "Offering." Her articles indicated such ability as greatly to impress Mr. Whittier. It was doubtless due as much to the encouragement of the good Quaker poet as to any other cause that Miss Larcom achieved her literary successes. After leaving the mills, about 1846, she came to Illinois, taught school, and studied for three years at the Monticello Seminary. After she had returned to her native state, she always recalled with feelings of pleasure her sojourn in the West, writing years later, when she had already created a name for herself:

"Two worlds I live in, East and West;
I cannot tell which world is best;
The friends that people both are dear;
The same glad sun
Shines into each; far off is near,
And then is now, and there is here;
Both worlds are one."

Two of her poems, "Hannah Binding Shoes" and "Skipper Ben," have gained for her an international reputation. She has written others equally good, though not so well known. Like Whittier, she was the poet of American life. Some of her ballads are worthy of the elder poet, and it is but

just to state that "The Old School House" anticipated by several years the famous poem of Whittier on a similar theme. Such character sketches as "Mehetabel," "Phebe," "Goody Grunsell's House," and "Sylvia," are all her own. The regions celebrated in Whittier's verse re-appear in hers, and the White Mountains gain an added charm from the felicity of her descriptions. One of the Ossipee Hills is named after her—"Lucy's Peak." She sympathized with Whittier in his anti-slavery views, and like him wrote some stirring patriotic poems, her "Loyal Woman's No" being one of the most popular lyrics of the war.

Her descriptive genius was not confined to New England themes. The breath of the prairies, as well as of the sea and the mountains, breathes through her poems. Her "Elsie in Illinois" is as true a picture of Western life as "Hannah Binding Shoes" is of New England. In a brief sketch like this, extended extracts are out of the question. It is sufficient to call attention to these Western pictures, finding space for quotation of only two stanzas from "A Prairie Nest."

"Nature, so full of secrets coy,
Wrote out the mystery of her joy
On those broad swells of Illinois.
Her virgin heart to Heaven was true;
We trusted Heaven and her, and knew
The grass was green, the skies were blue,

"And life was sweet! What find we more
In wearying quest from shore to shore?
Ah, gracious memory! to restore
Our golden West, its sun, its showers,
And that gay little nest of ours,
Dropped down among the prairie flowers!"

In her religious poems we are again reminded of Whittier, but her "Songs of Childhood," as became the editor of "Our Young Folks," are among the best of their kind.

Miss Larcom's career in literature and in life was intensely American. She represented a bygone generation, it is true, but there is probably but one of our living female poets of that generation who is as widely known. It is no exaggeration to assert that no other country could have so developed her genius. She represented the feminine as Whittier the masculine side of what may be fairly called Americanism in literature. There is an eminent fitness in the fact that within a year she should be called to follow in the footsteps of this gentle master, whom she revered with almost a daughter's devotion.

JAMES L. ONDERDONK.

A FORGOTTEN POET.

A GLANCE AT THE LIFE AND POETRY OF JOHN CLEVELAND.

In the history of English Literature there is no poet, among those once held in high repute, over whose work the "mantle of forgetfulness" has fallen more completely than over that of John Cleveland. To the ordinary reader of poetry, Cleveland is

wholly unknown; to the student, he is little more than a name. Yet he was one who bore a vital part in the literary, political, and social life of his age. During the Cromwellian wars he was the most popular English bard, and at the time Milton with difficulty found a publisher for "Paradise Lost;" Cleveland's poems were in eager and constant demand.

Though the perusal of Cleveland's work is likely to afford but little pleasure, there are reasons why he should not fall into utter oblivion. He was one of those men in whom lay the possibilities of more than ordinary, if not of great, achievement. The spirit of the age into which he was born was adverse to the development of his finest powers. He saw dimly,—never clearly,—that the poetic tide was setting toward wrong channels, yet he had not the force to stem it. Had kindlier influences been brought to bear upon his life, had peace instead of turmoil surrounded him in his mature years, he might have made a strong resistance to the growing flood, though he never could more than slightly have diverted it, so irresistible was its impetus.

Poetry at the beginning of the reign of Charles I. had taken on the affectations of the school of the Neapolitan, Marini, and there soon began to be a slow but sure movement toward that precision and starched stiffness of form which culminated with Pope in the next century. The license and unrestrained freedom of the Elizabethans had already come into disrepute; nature was more and more being regarded from a false and wholly perverted standpoint; the "metaphysical" had made its appearance as an element in poetics; and, on the whole, the condition of English literature bore a strong resemblance to the unsettled condition of English politics. A fondness for conceits, for far-fetched similes, was leading the poets to the maddest hyperbole. Such was the prevailing literary atmosphere when John Cleveland, having been born at Loughborough, in Leicestershire, on June 20, 1613, and schooled at Hinckley under a celebrated Presbyterian clergyman, Richard Vines, went to Cambridge, and was there admitted as a student to Christ's College in the year 1627.

The spirit of the Italian, Marini, was strong at this period both at Oxford and Cambridge, and Cleveland is said to have outdone the most devoted disciples of this school. He obtained his degree in 1631 as a member of Christ's College, but in 1634 was made a fellow of St. John's, where he passed the remaining years of his university life.

The first direct record that we have of Cleveland's active interest in national affairs is an account of his strenuous but vain attempt to prevent the election of Oliver Cromwell as member of Parliament for Cambridge. This was in 1640, and at this time Cleveland, with extraordinary foresight, is said to have prophesied the fatal events that were to follow. Oxford had honored Cleveland with the degree of Master of Arts in 1637, and thither the poet retired when the royal forces began

to be unsuccessful in the eastern counties. He was received with marks of great favor, for just before this he had begun discharging the arrows of his satire which rankled like thorns in the sides of the Covenanters. It was probably while at Oxford that he composed "The Rebel Scott," the most noted of his satirical poems.

In 1645, the poet was made Judge Advocate of the garrison at Newark under the governor, Sir Richard Willis. Here he performed his duties with much skill and diplomacy, while he continued to harass the enemies of Charles with stinging ridicule from his pen. When, in 1646, Newark, the last royal stronghold, surrendered, in accordance with the wishes of the King, Cleveland was allowed to go free. We now lose trace of him for nine years. That he lived with royalist friends during this period is probable, for he was entirely without means of support. He was not altogether idle, however, for he composed at least two elegies upon King Charles. It must have been during these years, too, and when he felt the weight of adversity and poverty, that he addressed the following lines to a patron :

"I have a suit to you that you would be
So kind as send another suit to me."

We next hear of Cleveland in 1655, when he was seized and thrown into Yarmouth prison. It was while he was confined at Yarmouth that he addressed his noted petition to Cromwell,—a petition couched in direct and logical terms, and showing a fine courage and manliness. The poet's frankness and fearless spirit had its effect upon Cromwell, and he gave orders for Cleveland's release,—a most generous act on the Protector's part, be it confessed, for the man he was setting free had lampooned him without mercy.

Cleveland now found in London a benevolent patron. This worthy Mæcenas appears to have been the poet's fellow townsman, the counsellor Oneby. The sun of prosperity having again risen, Cleveland took chambers at Gray's Inn, and became a prominent member of a club of royalists to which "Hudibras" Butler is said to have belonged. Then, as the pathway of life was daily growing brighter, he was attacked by an epidemic fever, and died on the 29th of April, 1658. It is recorded that his friends gave him "a splendid funeral," and poets vied with one another in singing his praises both in English and in Latin. He was buried in the Church of St. Michael Royal, which was swept away by the deluge of fire that purged London in 1666.

It was as a satirist that Cleveland was best known and most highly esteemed during his lifetime, and it is as a satirist that he will retain what slight hold he has upon fame. Yet, as was at the outset stated, he saw possibilities in other directions. His first ventures into the realm of poesy betrayed a most extravagant species of Marinism, and this tendency to exaggerate was always one of his most marked characteristics. He was often wont to goad a sim-

ile to death. In his "Fuscara, or the Bee Errant," full as it is of single lines of great beauty, fancy runs completely mad, and so too in "The Sense's Festival." The best example of his efforts in the vein of the cavalier bards is a poem "Upon Phyllis Walking in the Morning before Sunrise." In this he shows a freshness and charm that remind one of Herrick. Here is an excerpt :

"The wingèd choristers began
To chirp their matins, and the fan
Of whistling winds like organs played,
Until their voluntaries made
The wakened earth in odors rise
To be her morning sacrifice.
The flowers, called from out their beds,
Start and raise up their drowsy heads ;
And he that for their color seeks
May see it vaulting to her cheeks,
Where roses mix ; no civil war
Divides her York and Lancaster."

It is difficult to quote with entirety from Cleveland. He is rarely sustained, and not infrequently offends against the canons of good taste. The song entitled "On Black Eyes," however, is quite as happy as some pieces by his contemporaries to be found in anthologies of to-day.

"In faith 'tis true I am in love ;
'Tis your black eyes have made me so ;
My resolutions they remove,
And former niceness overthrow.
"Those glowing charcoals set on fire
A heart that former flames did shun,
Who, heretic unto desire,
Now's judged to suffer martyrdom.
"But, Beauty, since it is thy fate
At distance thus to wound so sure,
Thy virtues I will imitate,
And see if distance prove a cure.
"Then farewell mistress, farewell love,
Those lately entertained desires
Wise men can from that plague remove ;
Farewell black eyes and farewell fires."

The most extravagant of Cleveland's poems are two entitled "For Sleep" and "Against Sleep." In these he outdoes Crashaw in the use of hyperbole. One moment sleep is "grief's antidote," "soul's charter," "bodie's writ of ease," "reason's reprieve," "life's serenest shore," "a smooth-faced death," and "the firm cement of unraveled hours"; the next it is "joy's lethargy," "the sense's curfew," "night's winter," "an unexplored chaos," "the unfathomed gulf of time," and other things equally doleful.

Passing from all this folly, we find that Cleveland was probably the first English poet to make deliberate use of the dactyl and anapest,—that is, if we do not take into account the pre-Chaucerian rhymesters. Here was his opportunity of winning for himself a permanent place in literature; and had he not been turned aside by force of circumstances, those ear-catching measures that have so delighted latter-day readers and poets might have been given to the language more than a century earlier. In some of Cleveland's political pieces is

heard the trip of the anapest, and also in a rollicking poem reminiscent of the poet's early Cambridge days. In a fantastic, impetuous lyric, "Mark Anthony," the dactyls go madly chasing one another. In form this is the precise counterpart of Scott's famous song in the "Lady of the Lake,"—

"Row, vassals, row for the pride of the highlands."

May it not be possible that Scott, poring over an unearthed copy of Cleveland's poems (almost as little known in Scott's time as now), came upon and was fascinated by the stanza in which the whimsical poem is cast, and adopted it for his own uses?

The confusion, the spite, the bitterness of civil war, turned Cleveland's thoughts and energies towards those whom he considered the worst foes of the State,—the growing, the successful party that opposed the King. He quitted his experiments with anapests and dactyls, and began dealing strong blows with iambics. He was the first poet to champion the royal cause, and from the beginning of the conflict until the surrender of the garrison at Newark he was untiring in his spirited attacks. He made himself very repugnant to the Covenanters, for we hear him spoken of by one of that body as "that grand malignant of Cambridge." As a satirist Cleveland has much of the virility of Donne. He uses to the best advantage his powers of exaggeration, and even the tough Puritans winced under his lash of ridicule. He is at his best in "The Rebel Scott." In this scourging fashion he begins:

"How! Providence! and yet a Scottish crew!
Then Madam Nature wears black patches too."

In another poem he urges Prince Rupert on with vehemence lines; he raises an ironical "Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter"; he shows burning indignation in the "King's Disguise"; and bursts forth in bitter vituperation in verses upon Cromwell. From these satires of Cleveland Butler drew his inspiration for "Hudibras," one of the most remarkable satirical poems in the language, neglected though it is by modern readers; while Andrew Marvell and even Dryden felt their influence.

In the character of Cleveland there is much to admire. He was steadfast in his principles when such men as Waller cringed and vacillated; he entered into the thick of the conflict with arm and pen while Cowley and Davenant fled to the French court, serving the cause far away from the actual scenes of struggle and distress. In a ponderous tome, "The History and Antiquities of Leicestershire," compiled when an "s" still had an "f"-ish look, there is a portrait of the poet taken from a painting by the artist Fuller. The face is strong and noble, set in a frame of long waving hair. In one hand is a scroll upon which is inscribed "The Rebel Scott," and encircling the portrait are these lines,—

"This, this is he, who, in poetic rage,
With scorpions lashed the madness of the age."

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN SPEECH.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The article on the Future of American Speech in the last issue of THE DIAL is one with which I agree in many particulars, notably its plea for good books instead of trivial and trashy books, and of good English instead of sensational and bad English. As a student of language, however, and especially as one acquainted somewhat with the history of our English speech, I must dissent both from some of the facts cited, and from some of the conclusions drawn. For example, it has been established by indisputable proofs that Chaucer did not in any sense create the English language, nor did Luther create the German language, and without knowing Italian I have no hesitancy in saying Dante did not "cast in definite mould" the language of Italy. Chaucer, the scholar tells us, simply used the dialect with which he was familiar, the English of his native London, and that this dialect, by virtue of its being the language of the principal centre of English life and thought, not by reason of Chaucer or any other single individual, became the standard literary language of Britain. In fact, the distinct coloring of southern dialect shown in Chaucer's works has left little if any trace in the literary English of to-day. Chaucer, instead of creating the language, but marks the period at which London English began to occupy the place it has since held as the literary language of Britain.

What now of American English in the light of modern linguistic science? We all know that English of a fairly good sort, certainly not a peasant dialect of England, was brought to this country in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Since that time, while we have been much influenced by the literary language of Britain, we have also been developing under the natural conditions of our national life a language in which any careful observer may find many words and idioms not now used in England. In other words, except for the unpleasant sense we usually attach to the term, we have an American dialect. Considered from the standpoint of London English, which is of course the natural development on English soil, American English is a dialect. Considered from an equally true point of view, it is now, whatever it was in the past, the fairly homogeneous language of sixty or seventy millions of people, and it would be a misnomer to call it a dialect in any such sense as is implied by saying that Yorkshire has a dialect. In fact, we have here the strange phenomenon of the language of a colony developing into the language of twice as many people as there are in the mother country. Moreover, the exponent of linguistic science puts aside all demurres to this by saying simply, it was inevitable; for no two countries can be so separated as America and England, and retain exactly the same language. He will doubtless add, moreover, that no known power can now bring the two developments from the same parent stock completely together, although he will also say with THE DIAL that the two languages may never become unintelligible, and may even be kept from diverging widely.

Let me say at once that I believe this as a scientific fact, and that in believing and stating it I put aside all patriotic motive. For certainly this is not a question of patriotism but of language science. It was a dream of Dr. Johnson, when he made his dictionary, that he

could "fix the language and put a stop to alterations." Our own lexicographer, Webster, was wiser, for nearly a century ago he used language which even now, as far as we are concerned, is a fulfilled prophecy. In the preface to his dictionary of 1806 he says:

"In each of the countries peopled by Englishmen, a distinct dialect of the language will gradually be formed; the principal of which will be that of the United States. In fifty years from this time, the *American-English* will be spoken by more people than all the other dialects of the language, and in one hundred and thirty years, by more people than any other language on the globe, not excepting the Chinese."

But do not suppose I am advocating a *laissez faire* doctrine in language either from choice or from necessity. All honor to good books and to the power they have of becoming a part of us, and so indirectly influencing the language we use. Nor must we rely wholly upon the schools. The few good books that can ever be made a part of the school and college curriculum will have slight power to affect American English, unless to them be added the constant reading of good books outside the school, in youth and in maturity, a constant and widespread appreciation of that literature which our cousins across the sea will not prevent us from reading, even if they claim it as their special inheritance. But I would emphasize the fact that if we would have a literature of our own, we must have a language genuinely ours. And if that literature is to be characteristic of us as a people, the language must first grow up naturally out of the conditions of our life. Sooner or later we must get over either trying to imitate our British cousins, or feeling deeply grieved when they kindly point out that we are not in all respects like themselves. We may continue to appreciate the best in them; we must still work out in our own way the best in us.

OLIVER FARRAR EMERSON.

Cornell University, April 20, 1893.

THE TEACHING OF OUR MOTHER TONGUE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The question which THE DIAL takes up in its last issue as to ways and means for the reformation of the language written and spoken in America is one of lively and present interest. As to the need of this reformation, with due deference to writers of the Walt Whitman school of speech, there can hardly be two opinions. But the number of opinions as to admissible methods of reform can be safely set down as infinite. Among these methods the one which aims at improvement in the teaching of English in the schools will probably be accepted with least dissent, and it is therefore doubtless well to begin the battle at this point. Already we are beginning to feel the stir of change in the teaching of our mother tongue and of all the literature that is embodied in it. "The pathway to perfection is through a series of disgusts," says Mr. Pater, and although the divine discontent with the English of the schools which Mr. Adams and the Harvard committee have voiced is as yet somewhat too practical and near-seeing, the disgusts of Dr. Hall and of THE DIAL aim somewhat higher and look to a wider perfection than that which can be stated in terms of college admission requirements in English.

In this wider field the chief matter for dismay is the apathy of content with which the present state of our speech is viewed by the ogre of Public Opinion. To inoculate Public Opinion with the virus of discontent is

the worthy task of the future. Let us begin by admitting that we are all of us halting and unsure of speech and that there is little health in us. A long toil with the elements of expression is the first great labor of education. But after all, it is not lack of proficiency in the mechanism of expression which marks out the American speech for suspicion; we are only too facile in attaining to the pedestrianism of prose. It is the lack of the qualities of distinction, of purity of speech, of style in the wider sense, which is degrading our current language. We lack ideals. Writing has ceased to be an art, and has become a trade, to be mastered by rules (if even by rules), and not by travail of spirit.

Perhaps one cause of this state of things, aside from the evil influence of the democratic ideal in such concerns, is that our American taste in matters of style, after being formed on the narrow models of Addison and the eighteenth century writers in general (witness Irving and his contemporaries), has since outgrown their ideals of expression and has long been casting about without success for something better, until out of so much free experimentation the present lawlessness and slovenliness of style have resulted. It is time to build up a new ideal of writing. What ideal the American public will finally accept is the problem before us. The reestablishment of the artistic spirit in a national literature at any epoch is usually brought about by a recurrence to certain models of style, either native or foreign. It is perhaps significant in this instance that, as has been remarked, there is at present a tendency to renew the study of the great Elizabethan models of English literature. The "Augustan" age has had its day. The "flaming modern Anglicisms" (to use a pretty phrase of Lord Blackstone's) cultivated by the Carlyles and Froudes of our time, as well as the tedious Saxonisms of Freeman and the Germanizing school, have shone awhile, and now their light is fading. In the cycle of influences it were fitting that the great and vital style of the Elizabethans should have its turn, the style of Bacon, Hooker, Sidney, and a score of others. It is a style of infinite richness and distinction, and the study and imitation of its vital characteristics, whatever other danger it might present, would not present the danger of confirming our democratic speech in the overflowing platitude towards which it is now directed.

FREDERIC IVES CARPENTER.

Chicago, April 17, 1893.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AT A STATE UNIVERSITY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In no study is the choice of methods so closely connected with local conditions as in that of English literature. The point of departure, the amount of work, and the kind of work, must all be determined mainly by the character of the preparatory schools and the average home surroundings of the pupils. Undoubtedly ninety per cent of the students at Columbia College are prepared at private schools, while an almost equally large proportion of the Cornell students obtain their training in the public schools of the state. In certain states, furthermore, greater attention is paid to English than in others, and the same holds good of different schools in the same state. Although the second main condition, the degree of culture in the home, cannot be definitely tabulated, allowance can and must be made for it. In the following account, I wish to outline very briefly the

future policy of the University of Illinois as regards the teaching of English literature, a policy arranged in strict accordance with the local conditions, as these have impressed themselves upon me after a year's close observation. The omission of language studies is due not to their absence in the course but to the fact that they do not come within the scope of my subject.

One of the first difficulties that presented themselves was how best to give a general survey of the subject that should be both clear and comprehensive. Such a survey should aim at three results: 1, to indicate the main lines of literary development; 2, to impress the personalities of the different authors upon the students; 3, to interpret the most characteristic works of these authors. The first two of these results may be best achieved, I am inclined to think, by lectures, the third by textbooks with explanatory notes, supplemented by home-reading. There can be no intelligent treatment of literature that does not bring out the relation it bears to life, and yet this principle, familiar to triteness, is, I fear, too often neglected in our college classes.

The proper treatment of American authors was another stumbling block. My experience has led me to believe that they should not be treated separately but incorporated with the study of English prose and poetry of the nineteenth century. Indeed, I should be inclined to go farther and leave this work entirely to the high school.

There remains to be considered the introductory study of literature by the scientific students, who now form a section by themselves. As this is the only literary work open to them, a modification of the course is evidently called for. Some connection, also, should be made between it and their professional studies. This latter need will be met hereafter by a device which, to the best of my knowledge, is a novelty in the college curriculum. After the completion of the general survey, which is accomplished in the first two of the three terms, the spring term will be devoted to the critical reading of scientific prose. Representative extracts from Darwin, Audubon, Agassiz, Buckle, Herbert Spencer, and others, will be discussed, together with the characteristics of the men themselves. Thus, while obtaining a knowledge of good writing, the student of science will at the same time gain a broader professional culture. This same principle could be applied with advantage in the case of students of art and music.

My Shakespeare class is conducted on a plan that would undoubtedly shock many good people. The recitations often become debates, in which each member is not only allowed but encouraged to express his own opinion on any disputed point. After a month of this, I had the satisfaction of being told by one of the most intelligent men in the class that for the first time in his life he had enjoyed reading Shakespeare. Some weeks ago, while "The Merchant of Venice" was being read, Mr. Denton J. Snider delivered a lecture on that play at the University. The following morning he came into my Shakespeare class, the work being a discussion of the lecture. As the class was dispersing, one of the members asked me if I thought Mr. Snider would be willing to talk to them that afternoon. His consent followed immediately upon my request. For an hour he talked, answered questions and met objections, to the great delight and profit of seventy-five students. The very fact that his listeners did not agree with all that he said constituted the main value of the talk, for it inspired thought. It is not always possible to enliven

one's Shakespeare class in such a way; it is possible, however, to make the story of his works a real living thing, and if this element be lacking it is not the fault of Shakespeare.

The special treatment of the other subjects must be dismissed with a word. The chief aim is to give as complete an impression as possible of each author studied. Wherever it is practicable, the "Globe" editions are used as text-books, and in the literary courses philology and grammar are kept severely in the background, except in so far as these are necessary to the proper understanding of the meaning.

One special feature, though not a part of the regular course, and I shall close. Having noticed a very slight acquaintance with contemporary literature among my students, I started some months ago a series of informal talks on present literary topics, held every Friday afternoon and open to all students. While attended by comparatively few, from seven to twenty, these meetings have been not without value in encouraging culture. Among the subjects treated were, "Authors I Have Met," "American Essayists," "Ibsen," "The American Short Story." Discussion is encouraged, and the subjects are chosen by the class from a number suggested.

DANIEL KILHAM DODGE.
Champaign, Ill., April 18, 1893.

LITERATURE AT INDIANA UNIVERSITY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It is interesting to notice Mr. Brander Matthews's objection to C. in THE DIAL of April 1. Mr. Matthews instructs Mr. C. that if he will get a catalogue of Columbia College he will change his opinion that "Harvard is the only institution where any considerable number of courses in pure literature has been offered to advanced students." If Mr. Matthews will obtain a catalogue of Indiana University, he will see that Columbia is not "the only institution in America that has a professorship in literature in addition to a chair of English language and literature, and a chair of rhetoric." For two years Professor Edward Howard Griggs and one instructor have given courses in the study of pure literature. These courses include a study of the greatest literary masterpieces, of the growth of literature in the various races and epochs, and of the evolution of literature in relation to life.

GEORGE EMORY FELLOWS.
Bloomington, Ind., April 21, 1893.

A QUESTION OF PROPRIETY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

My attention has been called to a communication in "The Nation" of April 20 holding up the following sentence from my recent article, "A Trio of Notable Women," as an awful example of impropriety: "Under her hospitable mahogany were frequently stretched the eminent legs of Mrs. Barbauld, Sir James Mackintosh, Dr. Southey," etc. It may be worth while to say, for the benefit of the worried objector, that the playful expression objected to is an old one, well seasoned, and justified by good usage. Thackeray was partial to it, and rang many changes on it. You may find an instance in Chapter IX. of "The Great Hoggarty Diamond."

E. G. J.

April 25, 1893.

The New Books.

FELIX DAHN'S REMINISCENCES.*

The unequalled fascination of a well-justified autobiography is shown in the delightful pages of the "Erinnerungen von Felix Dahn," which we are told contain *zwar nicht "Dichtung," nur "Wahrheit aus meinem Leben."* Dahn's early life is connected entirely with Munich, where both his parents were for more than a lifetime leading actors in the Bavarian court theatre. It is a happy, wholesome boy's life which meets us, whose story can stand on the same shelf with "Tom Brown" and Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy."

The home was on the border of that superb park, the "English Garden," through which the rushing Isar speeds, and which gave a charming prospect at all seasons; best of all for young Felix, there was behind the house a great garden enclosure, in whose beautiful and quiet shades the growing boy, who showed always a finely-strung and sympathetic nature, lived and dreamed his unconscious poetry in communion with the multiform plant and animal life about him. Yet not only reveries, but hard blows and knocks have much place in the eight years of boyhood here, namely in the *Ritterspiele*, of which Dahn says, "They were the greatest happiness of my boyhood, perhaps the greatest and purest of my life." His youthful imagination, first fired by Schiller (from whose works he learned to read at the age of five), found endless delight in history. Someone gave him the fourteen volumes of Becker's "Weltgeschichte," which he read through again and again, and in dreams and visions of the night took part in all wars and battles, and negotiated with kings and envoys. Half-a-dozen youngsters make the great back-garden their meeting-place, and after vivid representation of the main line of action, the chief warlike scenes are fought over, the trellises, summer-houses, and bowling-alley forming points for daring assault and valiant resistance, with weapons which came very near being perilous to life and limb. There was an aesthetic training in all this warfare, for the resources of costume and armor from which the boys (sons of artists or actors) drew, played no small part in developing an artistic sense. There was also developed an admirable profi-

ciency in the use of all imaginable weapons, a hardened and active body, and a spirit of self-control in the midst of the fight; and these experiences tell for realism in much of Dahn's later descriptive writing. Like many gifted men, Dahn exhibited great powers at an early age, reminding one of Mill or Macaulay. At sixteen he is quit of the gymnasium with distinction, and enters the University of Munich a passionately industrious student,—a character which he ever afterward maintains.

A little before this, a new romantic motive enters the boy's life when he first meets upon the street a pretty girl ("Didosa"), an apparition which overwhelmed him with an entirely new consciousness of the *Ewig-weibliche*, holding him under an all-potent influence for full seven years, and inspiring many thousand verses,—though he never ventures to address a spoken word to his goddess, whom he contrives to pass daily on the street. The sentimentality of all this would seem highly absurd were it not for its intense reality to his finely-organized temperament; but the whole episode is not the least poetic chapter in the life of our author, and of its protective influence he says :

"Wenn ich in meine Ehe getreten bin so rein und unberührt wie eine Jungfrau, wenn ich mir die Phantasie und die Erinnerung unbefleckt erhalten hatte und habe,—, ich verdanke das und die ideale Weihe auch all' meiner späteren heissen Liebespoesie dem schönen Kinde, der stummen Heiligen, die ich nie geküßt: Dank und Segen immerdar über 'Didosa'!"

In the University he is drawn irresistibly to philosophy (aged 16!) and follows it with a devotion to study and a parsimony of time for all other attractions (including the ordinary diversions of the German student) which are almost incredible. (A vigorous polemic against the whole corps-system is one of the longer argumentative parts of the work.) Preëminent in influence over him is the philosopher Karl von Prantl. His adored instructor was in these days beginning to excite the invidious suspicion of the ultramontane party, which somewhat later removed him from his philosophic chair, the signal of attack being Priest Oischinger's pamphlet, "Der Anthropologismus des Dr. Prantl kritisch beleuchtet." Our young knight of the *Ritterspiele* shuts himself in his room day and night, writing in a high glow of indignation, and brings out after forty-eight hours the first "scientific" product of his intellect, which made a printed pamphlet of some fifty pages; the work sold successfully, and

* *Erinnerungen von Felix Dahn.* In three volumes. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel.

made no small sensation at the time. In 1852 Dahn leaves for Berlin to spend a year in strenuous work at law and philosophy, a year of undoubted fruitfulness for his intellectual and literary development. There come to the surface indications of rare personal attractiveness in this fresh-spirited, high-minded boy, which makes him a great favorite in what are rightly the best homes in Berlin. The brilliant group of younger scholars and authors soon discover and make a companion of the young poet,—for his last few years have been very productive in this field. Fritz Eggers, Kugler, Fontane, Heyse, Zöllner, Scherenberg, and Otto Roquette welcomed him into their circle of choice spirits. He is made much of in the home of Frau Birch-Pfeiffer, with whose much-admired daughter (later Frau Wilhelmine von Hillern) an intimacy arises which almost ends in marriage. The utterly candid account of this relationship furnishes several very readable chapters.

As is to be expected in so open a "Confession," the author makes a free statement of his philosophical position, which is by no means that of orthodox Christianity, despite its gospel of "renunciation." Its chief tenets are: An objective idealism, an ideal monism, the unity of "the world" and "world-law," rejection of both materialism and supernaturalism, and subjection of the single to the higher general law as the basis for religion, morals, and law.

The third volume has to do with the last years in Munich (1854-1863) as legal practitioner and *Privatdocent* in the University. As a sort of assistant for three years in justices' courts, Dahn obtained a wholesome practical knowledge of daily affairs and human nature; especially of the Bavarian peasant, who, it may be said, is not precisely the ideal figure of art and fiction. A moving description is given of the dreaded final "*Assessorprüfung*," lasting two weeks, from which the young man carried off first honors in the kingdom of Bavaria. Such a distinction opened up the most seductive prospects in legal life. The Minister of the Interior urges him to become an assistant in his department, promising him a rapid and brilliant career in the service. Dahn, who had gone into legal work only as the necessary opening to academic life, does not waver in his purpose, and has the moral support (the only kind he will consent to receive) of his father. "Let the young man follow his heart!" says the latter; and at the age of twenty-two the

hopeful *Privatdocent* begins his six years of hard, unremunerated labor, under the utmost stress for money, and tormented always by fear of financial dependence. For support, there is some work on King Max's "Bavaria," which suddenly fails in time of need, and a long bitter experience of servile hack-writing for bread, on subjects uncongenial and unfamiliar, which must be driven through in hot haste for publication, and whose result is so often returned as "unavailable." Despite his personal popularity in the city, there was a certain lack of practical recognition on the part of the powers that were, helped along by the fact that the youth had already become not a little "famous" as a philosophical speculator and a writer of verse. We have this observation:

"An individual who is a university professor can carry on any sort of secondary avocation without losing caste, or forfeiting his reputation among ministers or periwigged colleagues as a blameless craftsman. He can ride, fish, hunt, play croquet and lawn-tennis, go trawling for no scientific purpose, play chess and skat till stars and (long before!) thoughts begin to pale; can paint in oil and water-colors and in the open-air, play on instruments to driving his fellow men deaf; can fritter away every evening till midnight in society endowed with intellect — or money! — especially he can be a politician to the death, passing term after term away from his university in Parliament or in the lower or (rarely) upper chamber of his own state; he can adorn all voters' meetings with his orations, write political leaders daily, carry on political journals, sit for hours in the city council, or, as a father of the church, maintain its existence or (as far as such a thing can be imagined) reform it. All this, though it takes inconceivably more time, is permitted, and is in some degree helpful to a career. But woe to him who has Imagination, and gives it out in verses! From that very hour he is looked at with shrugging of the shoulders, as one who has fallen from his dignity. Let him be never so beloved and stimulating as a teacher, let him have published more and better scientific work than his colleagues, judges and censors who have not been contaminated by Imagination; 'tis of no avail, the poet, even though he be undoubtedly gifted, has lost his birth-right, and even if he have complete success, such gross violation of propriety is to be 'looked at with censure.' Ah, how many of these Patriarchs of the Faculty would be benefitted by a single grain of Imagination! Without a certain amount of it, nothing can be produced or given form, even in science."

In the midst of such burdens and anxieties we find Dahn, as in Berlin, a very welcome guest in the best circles. He draws some interesting contrasts between North and South German social habits. The centre of the most stimulating academic intercourse at the time was the Thiersch household. At the reunions here, eating and drinking were kept commendably in the background; music, conversation,

and an occasional little impromptu address filled up the short evening from eight to eleven. At nine o'clock Herr Hofrat Thiersch wandered in, often with an open book in his hand, fresh from his work in his library, continuing his thinking aloud. Once he broke into an animated discussion on agricultural chemistry, with the words: "No, no, the Idea *has* an actual existence in Plato!" Imagine the cold horror of a well-bred company in Chicago, for instance, at such an intrusion! There were also distinguished artistic, musical, and literary gatherings at Kaulbach's, Bluntschli's, and Father Dahn's, and a group of young poets, "The Crocodiles," under the dictatorship of Geibel, which included Heyse, Lingg, Bodenstedt, and Melchior Meyer.

To many, the richest chapters will be those (24-31) which tell of Dahn's intimate relations with Rückert and Scheffel. The great figure of Rückert, standing at the end of the classic period of German poetry, shows its most attractive personal side. His frank recognition of Dahn's boyish talents was the cheering note of victory which made waiting for success an easy thing. Scheffel and Dahn are perhaps the most nearly related in point of gifts of modern writers, and it is helpful to one's good opinion of humanity to find that they were best of friends.

There is not much publication in this strenuous period, but the beginnings of much later work. The "Kampf um Rom" (which Dahn does not consider his best work, in spite of its great popularity) owes its origin to the political relations between Italy, Austria, and France in 1858. The next year it was laid away, in a general feeling of distrust as to poetical gifts. (Later, 1874, Dahn knelt before the stove to burn up the whole manuscript. Chancing to notice a few passages which seemed to him rather good, he stood up and read them to his wife, before committing them to the fire. She took the paper from his hands, saying in her own decided way, "You shan't burn *that* up!") Finally, under worries and excessive mental work, health is threatened, and on physician's advice Dahn makes a sojourn in the Tyrol and northern Italy, employing his time chiefly in exploring the ancient archives in the deserted and haunted city, Ravenna. Almost in despair as to future resources, he receives the joyful news of an appointment to an "extraordinary professorship" in the legal faculty of Würzburg, with a salary of three hundred dollars a year. Later volumes are to treat of his pro-

fessor's life at that place, Königsberg, and Breslau.

The charm of these volumes lies in their frankness, their invincible sprightliness, and the society into which they lead us; their effect is helped, rather than hindered, by the free and discursive treatment. Throughout there is an idyllic touch of natural and artistic beauty, and a high idealism with which we whirling Americans find it sometimes good to come into contact. Nowhere do we remember to have seen truer or more lasting friendships recorded. Lastly, these books are welcome and of permanent value, not only for the near view they give of poet, novelist, jurist, and dramatist, but because we recognize in Dahn,—from his enthusiastic absorption in his chosen theme, and from his heroic studies in this special field,—the typical exponent of Germanics, in the widest sense of the term.

JAMES TAFT HATFIELD.

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AN INSIDE VIEW OF WATERLOO.*

On his return from Elba (March, 1815), Napoleon found France divided in his favor, and all Europe united against him. He probably hoped for a general peace, but was confronted by a general war. Every power entered the adverse coalition, and the ambassadors he tried to send out were all stopped at the very frontier of France and sent back to Paris.

This being the situation, while I may not dispute Mr. Ropes's opinion, put forth in his new "Campaign of Waterloo," that the army with which the great commander invaded Belgium to meet Wellington and Blücher was one of the best he ever commanded, and easily the best of the three in the field, yet a feeling will intrude that the men composing it fought rather as a "forlorn hope" than as a cheerful and confident body of soldiers, foreseeing not only honor and glory but victory and repose. One general officer, with his staff, deserted to the enemy before a blow was struck. The Prussians at Ligny, though defeated (June 16), fought with an obstinacy which showed that Napoleon's lessons in the art of war had not been lost upon them. On the same day Ney actually failed in his attack on the British-Continental force at Quatre Bras, though the

* THE CAMPAIGN OF WATERLOO: A Military History. By John Codman Ropes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

French Marshal (Ney) had more men under his command (not all engaged) than had Wellington.

The two battles were going on at the same time, within sound of each other's guns; and one whole French corps (d'Erlon's), through Ney's failure to do his best, passed the entire day vibrating between the two, not firing a shot in either; though to act on Quatre Bras would have defeated Wellington, and to act on Ligny would have turned Blücher's defeat into a ruinous rout. In either case Waterloo never would have been lost and won—never would have been fought. Later, Napoleon thought that Blücher was retreating southeast toward Namur (his base), while in fact the tough old fighter—seventy-three years old and badly hurt in the battle—abandoned his base, stuck to the fighting line, and went straight northward to Wavre, where he was close to Wellington's left elbow when (June 18) the death-struggle took place at Waterloo. Napoleon's mistake made him detach Grouchy, with 33,000 men, to follow Blücher and his Prussians, while he himself pursued Wellington and his conglomerate force toward Brussels. If Napoleon had not made that mistake, Waterloo might still have been lost and won; only the winners and losers would have changed places.

Grouchy found what road Blücher had taken and obeyed Napoleon's instructions to follow him,—obeyed them too literally; for when, at Walhein, he heard the guns at Waterloo to the northwest, he still marched north, because the Prussians had marched north. Then when he reached Wavre, he attacked the single division left there, while Blücher, with two whole corps, had gone west to Waterloo, to fall on the French right and roll it up like a scroll. If Grouchy had cut across, and taken Blücher in flank (as General Gérard had urged when they heard the guns), again the fortune of the day would have been other than it was; for Wellington was on his last legs when Blücher made his terrible diversion.

On the field of Waterloo Napoleon found the English-Dutch-Belgian-Hanoverian-Brunswick force—only 31,000 of the 93,000 being English—in a strong position, and ready to fight him. At daybreak (June 18) he too was ready, so far as the massing of his army was concerned; but it had rained steadily for days together, and the ground was in a terrible condition, especially for cavalry. The rain stopped during the morning, and at one in the

afternoon the French began the fight. Four hours of death and destruction followed, and up to that time success had favored the French. One Dutch-Belgian brigade had been driven off the field, and the advance post on the English centre—La Haye Sainte—was held by their enemies. It might be called the key to the position, for it gave an enfilading fire to the French artillery. Then, far away to the eastward, on the heights of St. Lambert, the dark line of Blücher's advance began to be visible—a cloud that would never clear away from Napoleon's horizon. If the battle had begun three hours sooner, and continued as it had begun, Blücher would have been too late, and again history would have a different tale to tell.

Ney, who at Quatre Bras had fallen short of his high reputation, also did poorly at Waterloo. Hougmont, in front of the British right, was a stone house, surrounded by stone walls and gateways, all loop-holed for musketry. Ney, in command of the French left, had the task of taking it, and set about the job in an unpardonably cruel and wasteful way: by sending infantry against it without first making way for them with his artillery. All day the brave French assailed it, ineffectually; losing, it is said, 2000 killed in that one spot, and wrecking the Second Corps so that when the final and crucial test came those troops were unavailable. The test was when Napoleon had to turn his whole attention to the Prussians, leaving Ney in command in front of the English-allied force. Ney, essentially a cavalry officer, did what would now be thought suicidal, and what even then proved a disastrous failure: he sent all the cavalry he could muster to attack the English infantry massed in squares of regiments. The entire attacking force was ruined; not a single English square was broken by the cavalry. (Some were crushed by the French artillery.)

The sacrifice of the French infantry around Hougmont was what threw Ney upon his cavalry for the assault of the English centre after his chief had gone off to fight the Prussians; and then when, later, Napoleon himself and the Guard itself had been thrown fruitlessly against the same centre, and had been fairly and flatly beaten, the absence of the splendid, ruined cavalry made the defeat a rout, and Waterloo Napoleon's last battle.

The all-day pounding of Napoleon's 250 pieces of artillery, the early rout of the Dutch-Belgian brigade (which, by the way, had been falsely, cruelly, and improperly thrown out

into an exposed place quite in front of the centre), the exhaustion under the wild assaults of the cavalry, these blows, together with the other casualties of battle, had thinned the English line to a thread. Whole regiments had ceased to exist, and there were no new ones to take their places. The enfilading fire from the newly-captured elevation of La Haye Sainte made much of the English line "untenable," in soldierly parlance. Sir James Shaw-Kennedy, who was on this part of the line, says: "La Haye Sainte was in the hands of the enemy, also the knoll on the other side of the road, also the garden and ground on the Anglo-Allied side of it. Ompteda's brigade was nearly annihilated and Kielmansegge's so thinned that those two brigades could not hold their position."* Yes, it was "untenable," and yet the indomitable Britons held it. "They did not know they were beaten." The Iron Duke sat on his grey horse and rode back and forth along the wreck of his line, cool and quiet — silent except where some regiment needed a word of encouragement or admonition. Such was the state of things when, about 7 p. m., Napoleon felt free to leave the repulsed Prussians on his right and make the effort of his life,—strike the blow which proved to be his last.

Of the 12,000 men composing the Guard (the "Old," the "Middle," and the "Young" Guards), he had 4000 or less at his disposal. Himself joining and addressing them (not at their head, as is absurdly said), he turned them over to Ney, who threw them against the same sore spot, the centre, the place where had occurred the only French success of the day, and where lay the only avenue of retreat for the English in case of defeat. They made their assault — perhaps the most famous charge in all history.

How did they advance? What was their formation for that awful half-mile march? It was in column, the narrow, deep formation, wherein only the front-rank men see their road and their enemy; their followers feeling the blows, but powerless to return them. It would be absurd for a single non-military critic to find fault with a formation sanctified by immemorial tradition and used by the great master of battle, if it were not that the whole fighting

* Sir James was a very distinguished soldier of the Peninsular War (where he was known as "The Intrepid"), and a writer as well. He was a staff officer on duty near the centre at Waterloo, and was a most intimate friend of the Duke of Wellington. Mr. Vernon Shaw-Kennedy, of Chicago, is his

world has since condemned and abandoned it. But now that it is a thing of the past, one wonders that it endured so long after the use of fire-arms made it an absurdity. The phalanx of spear-armed men was formidable against spear-armed foes; but the phalanx of musket-armed men is the mere sport of cannon and musketry — a pasture for flanking bullets and plunging, tearing cannon-shot.

This devoted body of veterans advanced with a front (in *echelon*) of only seventy men! The French cannon, which had been pouring their shot into the enemy's thin, dwindling line, suddenly ceased; while the cannon opposed to them volleyed and thundered with redoubled ferocity. The English infantry reserved its volley until the leading files of the assault were within — it is said — thirty paces; then it opened fire, and the head of the most advanced column went down like grass before a prairie-fire; and like a prairie-fire the destruction in front carried destruction with it to all beyond. The Guard recoiled — and that was "the end of all things." The British and their associates sprang forward on the retreating masses, and the Emperor himself was hurried to the rear. But there the indomitable Blücher — soldier from scalp to toe, and a violent personal hater of Napoleon — had renewed his assault and made it triumphant. There were those who thought the English-Allied line had done enough and that the pursuit should be left to the Prussians, but the Iron Duke would not have it so. He said — or others have said for him — that to leave the Prussians to gather the spoils would make the world think that the Prussians had won the victory. They surely did not. Whether they could or could not have done what the English did that day may be left in doubt. We of the Anglo-Saxon race are prone to think that the line of Waterloo would not have been held by any other race on earth except our own.

At the crossing of the Dyle, some five miles away, a hundred pieces of French artillery were captured. This shows the completeness of the allied victory. Brave Grouchy,* whose error of omission was one of the many causes leading to the disaster, was left in command of the relics of the army. Brave blundering Ney was tried, condemned, and shot as a traitor to Louis XVIII., the Bourbon King of

* M. Masure, a connection of Marshal Grouchy, now on duty in Chicago on the French Commission to the World's Columbian Exposition, indicates the family feeling to be that the Marshal stood too much in awe of Napoleon, and followed his orders too implicitly.

France, who, by the way, was all this time at Ghent, safely beyond the hearing of the battles waging in his behalf.

So there were six possibilities, the occurrence of any one of which would either have prevented Waterloo or reversed its result: (1) A quicker seizure of Quatre Bras by Ney, whereby his lost day would have been saved, and d'Erlon's corps thrown upon Blücher's right and rear, forcing the Prussians to retreat to Namur on the southeast instead of Wavre on the north. (2) A better handling of d'Erlon's troops, whereby either English or Prussians would have been crushed. (3) Wiser orders to Grouchy. (4) Wiser interpretation by Grouchy of the orders he did receive. (5) An earlier attack at Waterloo (supposing it to have been physically possible). (6) Less haste and waste after the attack did begin.

On the other hand, certain better dispositions might have been made by the Allies, with more or less probable effect on the outcome. Wellington could have had his force at Quatre Bras twenty-four hours earlier. He could easily have had Colville's 18,000 men added to his fighting-line at Waterloo, for they were idle all day within reach of his right and rear.

But after all, "*che sarà sarà.*" It was to be, and it was. Even if Blücher had gone one way and Wellington another, if Brussels had been taken and Belgium declared for Napoleon; there were still England, Prussia, Russia, Austria, Holland, and the rest to deal with, and France, if not hostile, yet exhausted and divided. Imperialism was doomed, and now it is dead. Peace to its ashes! — and on its ashes Peace thrives. Continued peace and liberty in France will yet overthrow imperialism in Germany and both Waterloo and Sedan be avenged.

Curious are the winnowings of history. Cambronne, with his "*La Garde meurt, et ne se rend pas.*" is not even mentioned in Mr. John C. Ropes's "Campaign of Waterloo," of which work a few words in closing this article.

The book is one of simple facts, military and personal, and is more readable than a novel. To a reader who has ever seen war, it is entrancing; he begrudges the time taken from it even to eat and sleep. He inevitably agrees with most of Mr. Ropes's conclusions, except perhaps where he forgets that even soldiers are not mere machines, and finds fault with delays that were evidently only pauses for sleep. On paper it is easy to start men at dawn (3 A. M. at that time and place) to obey an order given

at midnight; but in the field it is often shown that the troops who hear the hateful *reveille* when their sleep is at its deepest and best are passed on the march by others who were allowed to rest three hours longer.

Another criticism must be made, one regarding Mr. Ropes's style, clear and graphic as it is. The book is marred by the continual repetition of one error,—an error so obvious that it would not pass the proof-room of a leading Chicago daily paper. I mean the misuse of "have been,"—its repetition where its second appearance is not only superfluous but erroneous: "As for Ziethen, he could not have come up till half-past seven o'clock, which would have been to late for him to *have been* of any use to the English" (p. 328). The author means that it would have been too late to *be* of use. It can never be too late to *have been* anything. The error occurs constantly; the examples if brought together would make a string of sentences equaling the well-known test phrase: "If I had known it had been you I should have tried to have gone to have seen you."

JOSEPH KIRKLAND.

THE EXPERIMENTAL INVESTIGATION OF EVOLUTION.*

The importance of experimental study of the higher problems of evolution, as to which biologists are now pretty well agreed, is strongly set forth by the eminent French biologist, M. De Varigny, in a series of lectures originally delivered in the Edinburgh "Summer School of Art and Science," and now collected into a volume. As stated in his preface, he has not attempted to cover the whole subject of evolution; and he has, naturally, given most attention to facts and documents from French sources. His especial purpose is to show what should be done, in future, on behalf of the evolution theory, and his conclusion is that the only method of securing any further advance in solving the problems of organic evolution is by experiment. In the first lecture is given a general statement of the evolution hypothesis, and the gradual growth of this hypothesis, especially in French literature. The ideas of Claude Duret (1605), de Maillet (1748), Robinet (1766), Buffon (1761-6), Lamarck (1809), and Geoffroy St. Hilaire, are summarized. Es-

* EXPERIMENTAL EVOLUTION: Lectures delivered in the "Summer School of Art and Science," Edinburgh. By Henry De Varigny, D.Sc. New York: Macmillan & Co.

pecial attention is called to the veteran French botanist Naudin, who in 1852 published a very interesting paper on the Origin of Species, in the "Revue Horticole." Naudin says :

"We do not think that Nature has made her species in a different fashion from that in which we proceed ourselves in order to make our variations. To say the truth, we have practised her very method. When we wish, out of some zoological or botanical species, to obtain a variety which answers to such or such of our needs, we select out of the large number of the individuals of this species so as to make them the starting point of a new stirp, those which seem already to depart from the specific type in the direction which suits us, and by a rational and continuous sorting of the descendants, after an undetermined number of generations, we create types or artificial species which correspond more or less with the ideal type we had imagined, and which transmit the acquired characters to their descendants in proportion to the number of generations upon which our efforts have been bearing. Such is, in our opinion, the method followed by Nature; as well as by ourselves; she has wished to create races conformable to her needs, and with a comparatively small number of primitive types, she has successively, and at different periods, given birth to all the animal and vegetable species which people the earth."

To this the author remarks : "Now this method is exactly that which we know under the name of Natural Selection and Artificial Selection." Naudin's name deserves, therefore, a high place in the history of the progress of evolutionary thought.

De Varigny gives a review of the general proofs of evolution—palaentological, embryological, morphological. None of these is absolutely conclusive, however, and the only true method is to demonstrate the transformation of one species into another. To do this experimental evolution is necessary. He recites the facts that lie at the basis of experimental transformism and at the same time display its conditions and its methods. Of these he distinguishes three groups: The first and most important comprises the facts that illustrate variability in the state of nature—natural or "spontaneous" variability; the second group includes the facts of variation under domestication and culture; the third presents the facts illustrating the direct influence of environment as a factor of modification and transformation. The interest of these lectures consists not only in the comprehensive account of the researches and experiments of others, but also of the new experiments made by the author himself. He shows that a high degree of variability exists among animals and plants in the natural state as well as under domestication, and that through the modification of en-

vironment we are able to determine some changes in organisms. These facts provide the basis and suggest the methods of experimental transformism. These methods must rest upon the basis of experiment as applied to the efficiency of the factors of evolution. The author accepts, with Le Conte, five such factors: First, environment; second, use and disuse; third, natural selection; fourth, sexual selection; fifth, physiological selection. He gives many suggestions in regard to the nature of these experiments, and then remarks :

"What is required for their execution is an institution of some sort specially devoted to this line of investigation. It appears to me that this institution should comprise the following essential elements: Rather extensive grounds; a farm with men experienced in breeding, agriculture, and horticulture; some greenhouses, and a laboratory with the common appliances of chemistry, physiology, and histology. Of course this must be located in the country. It is very important to have experienced farm-hands, and a good chemist and histologist are necessary in the staff of the institution. Into the details of the work of the chemists, histologists, and physiologists, it is not necessary now to enter; the mere enumeration of the varied facts that have been quoted shows that their services are of the utmost usefulness, and are quite necessary for the investigation of the result. The coöperation of many outsiders might be of great use. Young men might spend some time—three, four, or five years, or more—in attending especially to some of the experiments in course of execution, in the investigation of some special points. Many friends of science also could do good work and help greatly by agreeing, for example, to cultivate in various localities the same species of plant, or to coöperate in breeding special varieties of animals, and reporting the results. The institution for this experimental investigation would thus become the headquarters for all that concerns evolution, and its influence would make itself felt in all departments of natural history, and thus create a strong current in the line which, sooner or later, must be opened. That this will be the case, I do not entertain the slightest doubt. The thing must be done. It is a matter of money—as usual. The matter is of sufficient importance when we consider that nothing less is proposed than an application of experiment to the solution of one of the highest problems of science, and the one in which thinking mankind is most interested."

With the expression of these hopes, the author finishes his highly interesting book. We fully agree with him that experimental work in biology is of the greatest importance for the future. The matter has been fully considered in the programme of courses in biology at the University of Chicago. "It is a matter of money—as usual," De Varigny says, correctly. May we hope that this will prove a small matter for Chicago, and that it will soon have the first biological experimental station.

GEORGE BAUR.

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THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.*

"The Anti-slavery Movement" might very well be the title of the first two volumes of Mr. J. F. Rhodes's "History of the United States." Mr. Rhodes proposes to write the history of the United States from 1850 to 1885. The parts already published treat almost exclusively of the Slavery Question from the Compromise of 1850 to the election of Lincoln, the discussion of tariffs, homesteads, and the like, during the same period, being reserved for subsequent volumes.

A chapter is devoted to the rise of the Anti-slavery Movement to 1850, and there is a very interesting and valuable examination of negro slavery and of its effects. Whatever plausible arguments in justification of it were advanced at the South before the war are clearly presented; but this very fairness of statement only serves to reveal in fuller light the utter rottenness of the system. The reader will conclude this chapter with the feeling that under a thorough analysis there was complete lack of the slightest redeeming-feature in slavery, that in no particular and from no point of view could a case be made out for it. The author shows the greatest familiarity with the growth and changes of public opinion as mirrored in the daily and weekly press. The Northern and the Southern newspapers have been thoroughly, it would almost seem exhaustively, searched for all the light they throw upon the progress of the struggle.

The brief but lively and effective estimates of the character and career of public men form a conspicuous feature of the work. Every reader must feel that in the main Mr. Rhodes's judgments are singularly fair. Whether consciously or not, the author has made the interest of these two volumes centre about Douglas. While the great ability and force of Douglas are fully recognized, he is regarded, in respect to his advocacy of "popular sovereignty," as actuated solely by ambition for the Presidency. Mr. Rhodes portrays in strong colors the betrayal of faith and the evil policy involved in the Kansas-Nebraska Act. Particularly noticeable, also, is the way in which the author brings out the fact that while in 1854 the North seemed solid against Douglas's measure, his doctrine of "popular sovereignty" was, as an instrument for making Kansas free,

* HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from the Compromise of 1850. By James Ford Rhodes. Vol. I., 1850-1854; Vol. II., 1854-1860. New York: Harper & Brothers.

afterwards to win him hundreds of thousands of Northern adherents. Mr. Rhodes conveys the idea that Douglas did not in 1854 believe in his own doctrine, but thinks that his earlier bad motives and bad statesmanship were largely redeemed by his course after 1858.

Exception may be taken to the relative prominence given to certain matters. Notably a much fuller exposition of the Dred Scott case would be desirable, even at the expense of the interesting account of the yellow fever in New Orleans, which, in fact, appears out of place. The author might go more fully into strictly constitutional questions without detriment to the readable character of his book.

But the principal criticism to be passed upon the work is that it misses the most comprehensive point of view. United States history has been written as if but for the slavery question we should have had no history worth the writing, whereas in fact it would be much better worth the writing. Our real history consists, first, in our national growth and, second, in the advance of democracy in politics and economics. It must therefore be treated in the light of the great vital forces of national unity and of democratic progress. Slavery is to be studied merely as an obstacle to their regular and normal working. The most significant and far-reaching aspects of the occupation of Kansas or of Texas are entirely independent of the slavery question. Slavery threatened to disrupt the Union, and, even if this extreme danger had not existed, the social and economic system of the South was irreconcilable with our national purposes and destiny. So that, after all is said, the War of 1861 was a war for the Union, and if it became also a war for the overthrow of slavery where it existed, it was because slavery was incompatible with real national unity, with strong harmonious national development.

In fact, the matter has an even broader aspect. The fundamental fact in all modern political history is the development of national unity,—what some have been pleased to term in our own case "manifest destiny,"—the inclusion under one government of peoples whose traditions, interests, feelings, are sufficiently similar to permit of political union. So strong is this tendency that it has led in many cases to more or less successful attempts to create the necessary conditions for the desirable political amalgamation. In every European state, let us repeat, this principle of political unity and national development has been fundamen-

tal, and the same forces that everywhere in Europe have been for centuries tending toward the formation of larger and larger political aggregates have always made the American people instinctively feel that, with the exception of lands whose populations were clearly incapable of ready assimilation, every possible inch of North America must be secured for the establishment of one homogeneous, politically united nationality. However unjustifiable may have been the annexation of Texas in the way and for the purposes it was actually acquired, it was still desirable and necessary that Texas should be ours, for the same reasons that it was desirable and necessary that the South should not form a separate nation. Thus the slavery struggle is the subordinate and not the principal fact in our history; it is to be studied in its dependence upon the irresistible expansion of American democracy.

Consider, for example, the light thrown by taking this proper standpoint upon Douglas's contention that to reject "popular sovereignty" was to abandon our fundamental principle of self-government. The true answer to this is to point out the relation of the principle of national unity to the principle of democracy. Under modern conditions the former is as essential and sacred a principle as the latter. And so it is the people as a whole that must decide questions vitally affecting the whole country. The overthrow of slavery was essential to the accomplishment of our national ends, and the question could not be left to local option. Douglas failed to see that the Jacksonian theory of democracy must prevail over the Jeffersonian. It may be added that problems have again presented themselves in which this relation of national interest and a close national bond to the democratic principle ought to be insisted upon.

But it will be many a long year before the materials for the history of our national growth have accumulated. And when they have been collected, and are ready for the treatment of the philosophical historian, many another year may pass before the man for the work appears. Meanwhile, Mr. Rhodes's work remains one of the most valuable accounts of the slavery struggle yet published. The interest of the reader is sure to grow as he turns the pages, and it is safe to say that the stirring history of the period has not been told in a more forcible and vivid way.

DAVID E. SPENCER.

University of Michigan.

RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY.*

Among our younger American poets (who will, so soon, be the oldest to remain with us) there is none to whom we may look with more confidence that the torch will be worthily borne than to Miss Thomas. Each of her published volumes, since the first, has been a distinct advance upon what went before; each of them has been marked by increased ripeness of thought and purity of style. The place that their author occupies among our singers has long been clearly defined, but every added collection of her verse has given new and more emphatic authenticity to the title by which that place is held. "Fair Shadow Land," the newest of these collections, is singularly free from defects. Here and there is a word or a phrase that falls below the dignity of the context; now and then a theme too essentially trivial to fit the author's method of spiritualization — too light to bear the ethical burden laid upon it — engages the attention. But in the main the work is sober and adequate in subject-matter, compact and noble in expression. Note how all these conditions are fulfilled in the little poem called "Lethe":

"Remembrance followed him into the skies.
They met. Awhile mute Sorrow held him thrall.
Then broke he forth in spirit words and sighs:
'Great was my sin! but at my contrite call
Came pardon and the hope of Paradise;
If this be Heaven, thy blessing on me fall!'
She looked. Peace filled her unremembering eyes;
She knew him not — she had forgotten all."

The conditions are also fulfilled — yet how different the task! — in the exquisite lyric, "On the Eve of Sleep," in four stanzas, two of which we reproduce:

"What is stiller than two blossoms kissing
Charily with petal tips?
Sweeter than the dew-drop that their kissing
Doth unsphere — and down it slips?
What is dimmer than the night-moth groping
For the lily's nectared lips? —
Oh, stiller, sweeter, dimmer, is the first approach of Sleep?
(Yet guard us in that moment, lest thy boon we may not
keep!)

* FAIR SHADOW LAND. By Edith M. Thomas. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

GREEN FIELDS AND RUNNING BROOKS. By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE. By Eugene Field. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WITH TRUMPET AND DRUM. By Eugene Field. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE FINISHED CREATION, and Other Poems. By Benjamin Hathaway. Boston: Arena Publishing Co.

A COUNTRY MUSE. New Series. By Norman R. Gale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT. By James Thomson. With introduction by E. Cavazza. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher.

A PARADISE OF ENGLISH POETRY. Arranged by H. C. Beeching. In two volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A BOOK OF FAMOUS VERSE. Selected by Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

DIES IRE: Three New Rhymed Versions. By Rev. M. W. Stryker. F. H. Revell Co.

"What is stranger than the moonlight mingling
With the red fire of the west?
Wilder than an Amazonian forest
Where no foot the mould hath pressed?
Dearer than the heart's most secret brooding
On the face it loveth best?
Oh, stranger, wilder, dearer, is the first approach of Sleep!
(Oh, guard us in that moment, lest we waver back and weep!)"

To invest with spiritual meaning the moods and aspects of nature has been the task of the modern romantic spirit. We may say, with Mr. Ruskin, that to do this is to be misled by a "pathetic fallacy"; we cannot agree with him in the opinion that such attribution of human passions to natural objects is a mark of poetical inferiority. Miss Thomas often recurs to this method of objectivation, as in the verses,—

"The rocks are divulged, that hidden and cruel lie,
Under the waves in wait, as the beast in its lair!
Huge and harmless they shoulder the dusk night air;
A lighthouse gleams—they are charmed by its sorcerous
eye!"

"Dead Low Tide," the poem which includes these verses, offers an excellent illustration of the ethical uses to which nature may be put by a mind that insists upon providing the picture with a lesson. We quote the closing stanzas:

"There is rest from motion, from toil; yet it is not rest!
The sounds of the land and the sea-sounds falter and cease;
The wave is at peace with the shore, yet it is not peace!
As the soldier at truce, as the pilgrim detained on his quest,
Baffled and silent, yet watchful, all things abide
The turn of the tide."

"I too abide. To the spirit within responds
The baffled yet watchful spirit of all things without.
'Shall I rest forever, beleaguered by sloth and doubt?'
'Not so; thou shalt rise and break the enchanted bonds,
And the limit that mocked thee with laughter shall override
At turn of the tide!'

"Still higher the Night ascends, and star upon star
Arises by low-lying isle, and by headland steep,
And fathoms with silver light the slumbering deep . . .
Hark! was it a lapsing ripple along the bar?
Hark! was it the wind that awoke, remembered, and sighed?
Is it turn of the tide?"

Miss Thomas has always been an appreciative student of the classics, and many of her poems are tinged with reflections of Greek and Roman thought. In fact, her noblest work is probably that which deals directly with themes taken from classical history or mythology, or which is colored by their ray serene. We need but recall such poems as "Demeter's Search," "Lityerses and the Reapers," or some of the lyric numbers of "The Inverted Torch." There is in the new volume no poem more beautiful than that which recounts what an ambitious modern novelist calls "the touching incident of Arria-Pæsto." We can only quote a part of this poem, and select the closing stanzas:

"With the dower of her beauty upon her she stood in his
waving sight;
A true Roman wife, he beheld her, the peer of a true
Roman knight.
'Hast thou lost the old way, O my lord, dost thou need one
to set thee aright?'
Still smiled the red lips of Arria.

"And, smiling, she laid her warm hand on the steel true-tempered and cold.

"This were the way! (She has driven the point through her tunie's white fold!)

"This is the way,—none other; but Pætus, it hurts not—
behold!"

And hushed were the lips of Arria.

"Oh, horror! oh, pity! oh, love! But now is no moment to
weep;

Let the bright death, from her heart to his own, importunate leap;

Ay, for it hurts not when life fitteth forth from its cabinet
deep,—

Forth to the soul of Arria!

"One touch of her consecrate lips, one instant above her he
stands;

In the next he hath caught the life-drinking blade in his
two firm hands.

He hath tried the old way,—the old way that ever mocked
tyrannous bands,—

Now forth to the soul of Arria!"

Mr. Riley's new volume of poems is largely in dialect, and dialect so treated as to open many a glimpse into the workings of homely human nature. But, excellent of its kind as all this work is, the author's talent appears to us better employed in efforts of a more serious sort. Is it not almost a waste of poetic energy to expend upon the restricted realism of dialect composition a power that commands, as Mr. Riley's does, the broader horizons of soul-life, and surprises the secrets of universal nature. Such a poem as the following two-stanzaed pearl is worth many a string of dialect beads. The verses are of "The Singer."

"While with Ambition's hectic flame
He wastes the midnight oil,
And dreams, high-throned on heights of fame,
To rest him from his toil,—

"Death's Angel, like a vast eclipse,
Above him spreads her wings,
And fans the embers of his lips
To ashes as he sings."

Mr. Riley's insight into natural beauty is sympathetic and true. His "Ditty of No Tone," "piped to the Spirit of John Keats," seems at the first glance a mere echo, but a closer study of its imagery shows the work to be essentially the author's own. We quote the second of three stanzas:

"Deep silences in woody isles wherethrough
Cool paths go loitering, and where the trill
Of best-remembered birds hath something new
In cadence for the hearing—lingering still
Through all the open day that lies beyond;
Reaches of pasture-lands, vine-wreathen oaks,
Majestic still in pathos of decay;
The road—the wayside pond
Wherein the dragon-fly an instant soaks
His filmy wing-tips ere he flits away."

Note the entire absence of predication—so marked a characteristic of modern poetry. Note also the exquisite selection of material and felicity of diction. Such poetry deserves very high praise.

Mr. Eugene Field's "Second Book of Verse" marks a distinct improvement upon his first. The workmanship is more careful, there are fewer infelicities of diction, and fewer lapses from good

taste. Mr. Field's verse never reaches a high level of seriousness, and the more serious its aim, the more apparent is the artificiality both of sentiment and expression. A possible exception to this dictum is offered by the best of his lyrics of childhood. In these the sentiment is genuine, and the expression less strained than elsewhere. But Mr. Field's successes are achieved upon the lower, although by no means unworthy, planes of the humorous dialect ballad, the reminiscence of travel, and the song of the antiquarian or bibliomaniac. In the first of these categories "Modjesky as Cameel" occupies a high place. It is one of several dialect poems of the West that are quite as good as Mr. Harte's work in similar vein. Of the humorous travel-sketches "Carlsbad" is quite our favorite. Probably the gem of the entire collection is the fancy entitled "Dibdin's Ghost," a poem that must reach the heart of every lover of rare books. The poet relates how the ghost of Dibdin appeared to him in a dream.

"I bade him welcome, and we twain
Discussed with buoyant hearts
The various things that appertain
To bibliomaniac arts.
'Since you are fresh from t'other side,
Pray tell me of that host
That treasured books before they died,
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.
"They've entered into perfect rest ;
For in the life they've won
There are no auctions to molest,
No creditors to dun.
Their heavenly rapture has no bounds
Beside that jasper sea ;
It is a joy unknown to Lowndes,
Says Dibdin's ghost to me."

The dreamer asks his visitor if wives are admitted to that blissful sphere, and learns that there are but few of them —

"The few are those who have been kind
To husbands such as we."

The condition of the majority is thus described :

"Oh, no ! they tread that other path,
Which leads where torments roll,
And worms, yes, bookworms, vent their wrath
Upon the guilty soul.
Untouched of bibliomaniac grace,
That saveth such as we,
They wallow in that dreadful place,
Says Dibdin's ghost to me."

— Mr. Field's songs of childhood occupy so distinctive a place in his work as a whole that he has collected the best of them into a special volume, "With Trumpet and Drum." To furnish forth this charming volume both of his collections of verse have been drawn upon, and we are given such delightful pieces as "The Sugar-Plum Tree," "Buttercup, Poppy, Forget-me-not," and "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod." As the writer of these lyrics Mr. Field has a secure place in the hearts of his readers, whatever they may think of the familiar license with which he has handled his Horace, or of the verbal vulgarisms to which he has chosen to give currency in many of his verses addressed to a matured public.

The quotation from Longfellow upon the title-page of Mr. Hathaway's volume, said to be a translation from "Frederich von Logan," does not speak well for the typography of the book, and we may say at once that the mechanical execution of the work is about as bad as possible. This is a defect in any book, and peculiarly a defect in a book of poetry. As for the matter of the volume, that is another question. Mr. Hathaway writes verse philosophical in its cast and semi-didactic in its purpose. An excellent example is "My Creed."

"They have some truth, whatever creed professing,
Who follow in the way that Duty leads ;
The simple souls and faithful find a blessing

In all the creeds ;
He has the noblest faith, no creed confessing,
Who writes his faith in deeds.

"We still, with vision prone, the truth dividing,
Read what the letter, not the spirit, saith ;
Still in the old, time-honored creeds is hiding
Fear's awful wrath ;

Yet human hearts can find no peace abiding
Save in the ampler faith

"That all Earth's pilgrim souls, nor unforgiven,
Whatever devious ways their feet have trod,
Purged of each base desire, by sorrow shiven,
Love's chastening rod,
Or soon or late, in the wide courts of Heaven,
Shall find their home in God."

An interesting group of Mr. Hathaway's poems embodies the favorite attempt of philosophical poets to spiritualize the myths and legends of the primitive world. He cries :

"Oh ! for the mystic key
To all your silent wards, where thought may climb
Into a purer world of thought, and reach
To realms that change not with the change of time ;
Where Art, more bold and free,
Shall shape, through finer Art, your truths sublime
Into our meander thought and grosser speech."

The myths of Acteon and of Antaeus are among those chosen for treatment, and the result, if a little vague and rhetorical in expression, is interesting. Mr. Hathaway's miscellaneous pieces are of very unequal value. On one or two occasions he attempts to be humorous, and the result is melancholy. But the poet's message, taken altogether, is sweet and wholesome, and the critic, of whose function the writer expresses a scorn not wholly deserved, will find more to praise than to condemn in Mr. Hathaway's work.

In Mr. Norman Gale's "Country Muse" —

"You shall read of spreading cress,
The velvet of the sparrow's neck ;
Sometimes shall glance the glowing tress,
And Laura's snow without a speck.

"The crab that sets the mouth awry,
The chestnut with its domes of pink ;
The splendid palace of the sky,
The pool where drowsy cattle drink."

and of many other things pastoral. Mr. Gale has revived a somewhat artificial manner of song with moderate success. His lyrics breathe a true feeling for nature and for the simpler types of humanity

that grow up in close contact with nature. His turn of phrase is often original, although rarely original in the striking way that compels attention. The gift of song is his in but moderate measure. He rarely violates the principles of taste, and his work is uniformly pleasing, although we may hardly call it strong or impassioned.

An American edition of "The City of Dreadful Night" comes to us in so attractive a shape that, as we turn the pages, the pessimism of the poem seems less black than before. The genius of our English Leopardi deserved this tribute to "the unique and sinister beauty" of his principal poem, for, reject for ourselves with what vehemence we will Thomson's view of life, the fact remains that it was his view, and no one can doubt the awful sincerity of its depiction. Pessimism was with Thomson no fancy, no intellectual toy for the amusement of the hour; it was rather, as with Leopardi and Schopenhauer, the master-word of the great enigma of existence. Perhaps the most genuine testimony to the power with which Thomson's message was fraught was offered by Philip Bourke Marston — himself well attuned by sorrow to that mood — in the two sonnets inscribed by him to James Thomson.

"Still, still the same, this City of Dreadful Night —
Still does it hear a sound of lamentation,
As of a conquered, broken-hearted nation;
Still glowers the Sphinx, and breaks us with her might
Of unresponsive front. There is no light —
There is no hope — God, there is no salvation."

This edition of the poem has an admirably sympathetic introduction by Mrs. Cavazza, and a carefully prepared bibliography by Mr. Bertram Dobell and Mr. J. M. Wheeler. It also prints, as an appendix, two of Thomson's shorter poems, "To Our Ladies of Death" and "Insomnia," both well fitted to serve as pendants to his gloomy masterpiece.

The two handsomely-printed buckram-bound volumes in which Mr. H. C. Beeching has arranged "A Paradise of English Poetry" offer a considerable volume of carefully selected verse. Mr. Beeching classifies his selections in ten general groups; excludes all authors still living or subject to copyright; leaves out sonnets for the not very satisfactory reason that "they do not mix well with lyric and dramatic poetry, but are best read, as they have been best written, in a sequence"; and abridges his extracts at his own caprice, without always making mention of the omissions. Except upon the two points last mentioned we have no quarrel with Mr. Beeching's performance of the compiler's task; he has shown excellent taste in his choice, and included enough work to satisfy most moods. His selection shows a somewhat more marked preference for the older poets than is to be fully accounted for by the exclusion of authors living or in copyright, but this is not necessarily a defect; there is much truth, indeed, in his statement that "a candid reader who compares the most modern expression of an idea with some older one con-

tained in this volume will not uniformly find the preponderance on the side of the former."

In preparing "A Book of Famous Verse," Miss Agnes Repplier, who has also become the gleaner of an anthology, has had a childish audience chiefly in view. What a child likes, she says, are "martial strains which fire the blood, fairy music ringing in the ears, half-told tales which set the young heart dreaming, brave deeds, unhappy fates, sombre ballads, keen joyous lyrics, and small jewelled verses where every word shines like a polished gem." All these things may be found in her collection, while the canons governing exclusion are quite as satisfactory. Children are not to be imposed upon: "It is useless to offer them mere rhymes and jingles; it is ungenerous to stint their young, vigorous imaginations with obvious prattle, fitted dexterously to their understandings. In the matter of poetry, a child's imagination outstrips his understanding; his emotions carry him far beyond the narrow reach of his intelligence." Upon these admirable principles of selection, Miss Repplier has made a book that fairly rivals those of Mr. Lang and Mr. Henley.

To the odd hundred and fifty English versions of the "Dies Irae" already existing, the Rev. M. W. Stryker, president of Hamilton College, has been constrained to add three more, two with single and one with double rhymes. These versions, with the Latin text and a literal prose translation, prefaced by some historical comments upon the hymn and its translators, are published in a neat little volume. Mr. Stryker's preface spells "though" with half the usual number of letters, and indulges in a florid rhetoric of which a few examples may be quoted. The power of the "Dies Irae," we are told, is "amazing and immortal." "Here speaks the unsophisticated sense of the moral necessity of that assize without whose certainty the present postponements of equity would leave the sovereignty of Holiness unintelligible." "Imagination and devotion fly amid these sombre skies with clasped hands, and with faces which, tho strained with the agonies of conviction, are wet with tears whereon the gospel has set rainbows." "These surf-beats of emotion answer to realities which only a covenant with falsehood can gainsay, and which a hypnotized conscience, tho it can forget, can never abate nor postpone." The preface from which we quote is clearly theological rather than critical. As for the versions, they compare favorably with most of the earlier ones. It is only because the translator insists so strenuously upon the necessity of exact rhymes that we call attention to this version of the "Mors stupebit":

"Death shall stand aghast, and Nature,
When to make response, the Creature
Surgeth to that judicature."

It is but just to say that this is the only poor rhyme in Mr. Stryker's best version.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A Question in Ästhetica.

"How it is that proportion, unity, and all that is included under beauty of form, has come to be so prominent an ingredient in æsthetic impression, is one of the most interesting points in the science." This remark was made some time since by Mr. Sully in his essay "On the Possibility of a Science of Ästhetics," and it is in some sort an answer to the question here indicated that is now offered by Professor G. L. Raymond in his "Genesis of Art-form" (Putnam). It shows, as many other things have shown, the extreme value of that very stimulating essay, that Mr. Sully should have further remarked that the matter "possibly admits of no definite solution except in connection with a study of other developments of the human mind." Whether Professor Raymond had or had not considered this suggestion, he has proceeded in his inquiry with the view that the action of the mind in the methods employed in the composition of art-forms is identical with its method in scientific classification. (The expressions are taken from the preface.) The theory upon which the book is based is that as in scientific classification the aim is to emphasize in each object of thought the ideas which are essential to the purposes of classification, so in art the aim of composition is to emphasize in each work of art the idea which it is the main purpose of the artist to express. The book is worth the attention of those interested in the development of the science of Ästhetics. Whether one agree with the author or not, we believe that such an attempt to solve one of the important questions of æsthetic study must demand consideration. For our own part we must admit a certain scepticism on first consideration as to the value of the main proposition. It appears evident, indeed the author almost says as much, that the principles deduced are incidental to art and not essential, that is to say they are not among those elements which make art just what it is and separate it from other things. It is worthy of remark that the author does not specifically consider the element of beauty. Indeed the word itself hardly occurs in the whole course of the book: nor does he often express the idea by implication. Hence the principles he expounds, while they may enable one to distinguish between bad work and work that is not bad, do not take one very much farther. They do not enable us to distinguish between the fairly good and the supremely excellent. It is here that one begins to have a certain mistrust of the theory itself, plausible though it seems to be on first thoughts. The question at once arises, Is it not probable that there are some other elements in art composition which are the distinctively art-elements, and if so, are not these the elements really important in considering the matter? And if we of choice neglect the essential features, can we assume that our conclusions concerning the incidental ones will not need material revision by the light of those principles

which we have neglected? But this is a matter which each student can decide for himself. While the book merits the attention of those more particularly engaged in the study of art, it will also be interesting to the general reader, for whom, indeed, it is in some respects particularly intended. It has a great number of illustrations which, though some of them are not any too satisfactory from an artistic standpoint, almost always serve to complement the text very fully. The ideas are presented in a style somewhat popular, although not always particularly lucid. It seems, in fine, as though almost anyone would get from it some good ideas. In a book on art, the artistic character of the book-making is always worthy of remark. In this case, the author having resolutely set aside the consideration of the beautiful in writing the book, it was not unnatural that the publishers should have been equally stern in the making of it. We could wish, however, merely with reference to practical convenience, that they had not used such heavily glazed paper, and that they had given the book a better binding.

Studies in the English Mystery Plays.

A NOTABLE thesis, creditable in many ways as a specimen of research in English literature in an American university, is Mr. Charles Davidson's "Studies in the English Mystery Plays," presented to the faculty of Yale University in 1892. The subject chosen represents one of the many possible and profitable fields for the serious investigation of advanced students in "pure literature" recently discussed in THE DIAL. Possibly it also represents the tendency of the day to neglect the intimate study of great literary masterpieces as units containing in themselves abundant material for scholarly consideration, and to press back research more and more into remote and unexplored regions of folk-lore, of popular and comparative literature, and of mediæval sources. But this tendency, if it really does exist, is doubtless natural and justifiable, and any apparent neglect of real literary study will be easily redressed by the segregation of the newer studies in our universities into separate departments like the newly established Department of Comparative Literature at Harvard. The stupendous mass of mediæval literature offers results "monotonous as literature, but invaluable as supplying a common starting-point for national literature," and as such it is worthy of the most thorough study. Even to the student of the literature of masterpieces, some study of amorphous and primitive literature should be prescribed, if for nothing more than to teach him by contrast the real meaning of literary art! The present essay is an attempt "to explore one of the sources of the English drama, and to solve some of the problems presented to us in the mass of inchoate dramatic material known as the English Mystery Plays." Interesting as it is in its bearings on English literary history, it is only within the last fifty years that the greater bulk of

this material has been put in print and made accessible to scholars, and although various attempts to analyze and classify portions of it have recently been made, Dr. Davidson is to be credited with the first bold and systematic attempt at a comparative analysis of the whole material from the point of view of modern scholarship. His conclusions are highly interesting, although cast in such shape as to be with difficulty apprehended by any but the specialist in this particular field. The newness of the material in part excuses this, but we feel that Dr. Davidson, in the form of his essay, has imitated too closely the tiresome baldness of the German models of thesis-writing. The Germans themselves are following a mediæval tradition, but our American universities should feel themselves at liberty to improve upon the mediæval model. At any rate, we shall take the liberty to advise anyone who may desire to consult Dr. Davidson's interesting and suggestive essay to begin by reading the last chapter of general conclusions first, however "unscientific" and "uninductive" such a process may seem, in order to save himself from reading at random in many preceding pages.

A thoughtful and readable book on Tropical America. Mr. Isaac N. Ford's "Tropical America" (Scribner) is, compactness considered, one of the most readable and solidly informing books of South American travel that we have seen. The author is a wide-awake journalistic writer, thoroughly in touch with current national questions and interests; hence his point of view throughout is largely political, commercial, and economical, though the pictorially descriptive element is not lacking. Mr. Ford's route embraced St. Thomas, Martinique and Barbadoes, Para, Pernambuco, Rio, Montevideo, Valparaiso, Lima, Guayaquil, Cartagena, Jamaica, Havana, the chief Mexican and Central American towns, and many intermediate points of interest. The start was made shortly after the Brazilian revolution of 1889, and the chapters touching this event and giving the author's impressions and conclusions are still of considerable interest. Mr. Ford's patriotism received some pretty severe shocks in South America. He writes, for instance: "If any American, meek and lowly in spirit, have a voracious appetite for humble pie, let him take passage for the Platte. He will find Montevideo and Buenos Ayres the most enterprising cities of the southern hemisphere, and in each harbor he will see a magnificent merchant fleet, representing every maritime nation except his own. . . . I was fully prepared, after landing and passing the customs line, for the look of bewilderment on the face of the genial proprietor of the French hotel, when he was asked to direct me to the American consulate. . . . He was too polite to be offensive, and apparently was unwilling to confess that he was unaware of the presence of any American functionary in the city. . . . Shop-keepers doing business within a block of the office had never heard of an American consul. . . .

American ships enter the harbor so infrequently that the children of Montevideo are growing up in ignorance of the mighty industrial nation that styles itself "The Grand Republic." The book is thoughtfully and impartially written; and it presents, in moderate space, a careful study of the growing nations to the south of us, with whose destinies our own must become more and more closely interwoven. There is a route-map with a number of acceptable photographic plates.

An aid to the appreciation of the technique of Painting.

In his capital little book, "Art for Art's Sake" (Scribner), Mr. John C. Van Dyke essays to help the general amateur to a perception and appreciation of the technical qualities of painting. Mr. Van Dyke writes lucidly and pointedly; and we fancy there are few readers who will close his book without at least a dawning conviction that a picture is properly to be regarded as something more than the mirror of one's own sentimentalities, something more than a pictorial story, a pictorial poem, a pictorial jest, or a pictorial homily. There is nothing more disheartening to the painter than the inability of the public to discern, or exasperating to him than the Philistine tendency of the uninitiated critic to underrate, precisely those qualities by which he, the painter, distinguishes a work of art from a daub. To decry *technique* is to decry the very bone and sinew, the *sine qua non* of painting. Without it, genius itself, lacking expression, is futile; with it, even mediocrity accomplishes something. Mr. Van Dyke does not treat, except incidentally, of the history, theory, or philosophy of art. He essays throughout to bring us round to the painter's point of view, to teach us, not how to paint a picture, but how to appreciate one intelligently after it has been painted. With this object in view he explains and illustrates such purely artistic motives as color, tone, atmosphere, values, perspective, etc., defining and fixing technical terms, citing well-known pictures and pointing out their good and their bad qualities, and dwelling as far as possible upon modern art — of which, as he justly observes, "we have too poor an opinion." The text is illustrated with a number of half-tone plates after mediæval and modern painters — among which we are glad to find the noble Pietà of Francia (in the British National Gallery), which we do not remember to have seen reproduced before. The seven lectures composing the volume were delivered before the students of Princeton, Columbia, and Rutgers Colleges — with the incidental effect, one hopes, of convincing the hearers that life offers other, and perhaps higher, pleasures than those derived from battering the shins of a rival on the foot-ball field.

A much-needed historical study.

Mr. William Roscoe Thayer, in taking "The Dawn of Italian Independence" for the subject of a historical study, has chosen a theme that has long been calling aloud for treatment in the English language.

Mr. Probyn's admirable sketch is not sufficiently detailed to be satisfactory, and Reuchlin's exhaustive history has not found a translator. Mr. Thayer, moreover, brings to his subject full sympathy and the sense of historical perspective. The two volumes of his work (Houghton) cover the period from 1814 to 1849, from the Congress of Vienna to the fall of the Venetian Republic. It is to be hoped that the author will devote two more volumes to the events of the twenty years following. Mr. Thayer's work has serious defects, as well as qualities that call for praise. The introductory section, which sums up Italian history from the earliest times, is far too ponderous, and might fittingly have been compressed into a single chapter. As it is, the author hardly reaches his real subject before the middle of the first volume. The author's style, too, is open to criticism: it is over-rhetorical, and it deals far too largely with broad generalizations. It has hortatory and apostrophic features that a better judgment would have expunged. What redeems the narrative from these faults is its admirable sympathy with the cause of Italian freedom and its keen interpretation of the characters and the motives of those who took prominent parts in the struggle. Mr. Thayer understands Mazzini, and does full and glowing justice to his career. He also does full justice (of another sort) to Metternich and Pius IX. His second volume, devoted mainly to the events of 1848-49, is far better than his first.

An English Grammar on historical principles. Dr. Henry Sweet's "Short Historical English Grammar" (Macmillan) is "an abridgement of the historical portions of my New English Grammar," and a careful examination of its contents leads us to indorse fully the claim that within the present limits "it will be found to contain all that is really essential to the beginner." Commencing with the history of the language, the author gives a condensed but clear account of the chief influences exercised during the three main stages — old, middle, and modern English. The more detailed division of periods shows some novelties. The chapter on phonetics is of course based originally upon the author's "Handbook." Throughout the rest of the book the treatment is by periods. At times the discussions seem to follow too closely the title, as, for example, in the case of modern plural forms of the substantive and the declension of the adjective. Many will be surprised, too, by Dr. Sweet's partial return to the old-fashioned classification of regular and irregular verbs, instead of strong and weak, which he claims cannot be maintained in modern English. He offers, however, a compromise in consonant and vocalic. The latter part of the book is devoted to composition and derivation, of which there is not too much, but just enough. The word-list, for it is not really an index as stated, deserves special mention. The very full table of contents does away with the necessity of an index proper.

Dr. Sweet's book is one we have been waiting for so many years — an historical English grammar that can be used as a text-book.

WHILE no less welcome than Sweet's *English Syntax, past and present.* grammar, Dr. Leon Kellner's "Historical Outlines of English Syntax" (Macmillan) is less distinctively a text-book — it seems to be intended more for the study than for the class-room. Being a companion to Morris's "Historical Outlines of English Accidence," its general arrangement follows that of the earlier work. The scientific study of syntax has heretofore been unaccountably neglected, not only in English but in almost all other modern languages. Dr. Kellner's work makes a good beginning in the awakening of an interest in this important branch of linguistics that is sure to come. After an introductory explanation of the fundamental principles of syntactical change and development, the author takes up in detail the three main branches of the subject, the sentence, the parts of speech, and the order of words, keeping constantly before the reader the historical development of each. Specially valuable are the discussions of the complex sentence and the synoptic tables of the subjunctive mood. A treatment of the Scandinavian element in English syntax would have been a valuable feature of the book, but this is evidently reserved by the author for his fuller treatment of syntax, the appearance of which has been worthily heralded by the book before us.

The industrial arts of the Anglo-Saxons.

MR. T. B. HARBOTTLE has translated from the French of Baron J. de Baye an important work upon "The Industrial Arts of the Anglo-Saxons," and the translation is published (Macmillan) in a handsome quarto with steel plates and illustrations in the text. The field in which the author has worked is one that has been somewhat neglected, although the materials for its investigation have been accumulating in abundant measure. After an introductory chapter on "The Invaders of Britain in the Fifth Century," the author discusses at much length the subjects of Anglo-Saxon arms and fibulae, and more briefly a number of other subjects, including necklaces, hair ornaments, buckles, vases, and pottery. The text of the work is little more than a collection of roughly classified fragmentary notes, and the translation is imperfect. But the work is beautifully printed, and its plates and cuts supply their possessor with a well-stocked museum of Anglo-Saxon archaeology.

BRIEFER MENTION.

A SINGLE-VOLUME double-column edition of Dryden's complete poems (Warne), with a memoir of the author, has just been published. It includes all the original poems, many songs from the plays, and most of the translations from Greek and Latin authors. Dryden's introductions have been reproduced, a few notes sup-

plied, and the text carefully collated from the best editions. The modern reaction against "Glorious John" has been carried to something of an extreme, and it is well that the carping critics should be confuted by multiplicities of his text.

THREE welcome volumes of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" (Putnam) are devoted to a reprint of Chapman's "Iliad," with outline illustrations and Chapman's preface. For once, the rather objectionable square shape of this series of volumes is justified, for Chapman's fourteen-syllabled verse requires a wide page to keep the lines from running over. This classic of English poetry has been less read than it deserves owing to the lack of handy editions, and we thank the publishers for placing it before us in the present convenient form.

THE "Book-Lover's Library" brood (Armstrong), which numbers some good items in its list, also includes two, at least, that can hardly offer a sufficient excuse for their being. These two are by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, the editor-in-chief of the series, and the latter of them, entitled "Literary Blunders," must be offered as a joke, as it bears evidence of being little more than a compilation from "English as She Is Taught," "English as She Is Spoke," and the catalogues of country booksellers. Its one redeeming feature, if it has any, is the very full and exhaustive index which seems to have been compiled in all seriousness.

"THE Duchess of Berry and the Revolution of 1830" (Scribner), the last of the three volumes devoted to the Duchess of Berry in M. Saint-Amand's popular series, evokes vividly the dramatic scenes of the revolution which brought about the July monarchy of Louis Philippe. The author's unerring eye for the picturesque is, as usual, manifest throughout, and the work is, like its predecessors, a striking example of the useful art of popularizing, without vulgarizing, history. The good work of the translator, Mrs. Elizabeth Gilbert Martin, calls for a word of praise.

Mrs. Mabel F. Wheatley has abridged and edited Ormsby's translation of "Don Quixote" for the use of schools, and the work appears as a volume of the "Classics for Children" (Ginn). Would that our school children might get this sort of literature for their reading, and that the "reader" were cast out upon the ash-heap for good! With the abundance of such reading now available, it is mere stupidity on the part of school officers to longer permit the use of those patchwork things known as reading-books.

UNIFORM with their edition of "Charles Anchester," Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. have now published a two-volume reprint of Miss Sheppard's "Counterparts." This novel never attracted the attention given its predecessor, although almost equally remarkable, when we consider the age of the writer and the speed at which it was composed. Mr. George P. Upton, who introduced the new edition of "Charles Anchester," provides this novel also with an appreciative introduction. The work is very tastefully printed, and is better worth reading than the large majority of new books of fiction.

"MR. Punch's Prize Novels" (U. S. Book Co.), by Mr. R. C. Lehman, recall, at a distance, the condensed novels of Thackeray and Mr. Bret Harte. They are very amusing. Here are a few of the titles: "Bob Sillimere," by Mrs. Humphry John Ward Preacher; "A Buccaneer's Blood-Bath," by L. S. Deevenson; "Burra Murra Boko," by Kippied Herring; "Joanna of the

Cross Ways," by George Verimyth; and "The De Cognac," by Walter Decant. The parody of Mr. Meredith is particularly good.

VOLUME 34 of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Macmillan), under the editorship of Mr. Sidney Lee, begins with Llywd, a name pronounceable by none save Welshmen, takes us through the remainder of the letter L, and gets a good start upon the Maes. The work of Mr. Leslie Stephen, the former editor, is admirably illustrated by the articles on Locke, Lord Lytton, and Macaulay. The second Lord Lytton is treated by Dr. Richard Garnett. Lockhart, Lodge, and Llyl also come within the scope of this volume.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

The latest volume of the "Grands Ecrivains Français" is "Lesage," by M. Eugène Lintilhac.

"El Nuevo Mundo," a poem by Mr. Louis J. Block, is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Charles H. Kerr & Co.

The long-desired and long-promised Baedeker's "United States" is almost ready for publication by the Scribners. We give it a cordial welcome in advance.

A new and cheaper edition of Symonds's life of Michelangelo has appeared. A study of Walt Whitman, by the same author, has just been published in London.

The forthcoming volume by Mme. James Darmesteter (Miss Mary Robinson) is entitled "Retrospect, and Other Poems." It will include elegiac verses on Ernest Renan and H. Taine.

The "Century" for May will contain some "Recollections of Lord Tennyson," by Mr. John Addington Symonds, and a poem by Mr. Aubrey de Vere in memory of the Laureate. Mr. F. Marion Crawford will contribute an article on "Joseph Bonaparte in Borden-town."

Mr. William I. Fletcher, librarian of Amherst College, will open his summer School of Library Economy on July 24, and close it on August 26, giving daily instruction in the meantime, the class being regarded as beginners ignorant of library work. Mr. Fletcher may be addressed at Amherst.

The recent organization of English "Women Writers" will have a festival on the 31st of this month. The Committee in charge of the affair includes Mrs. Molesworth, Mrs. L. T. Meade, Mrs. E. Robbins Penell, Mrs. William Sharp, Mrs. Graham R. Tomson, and Miss Clementina Black.

Mr. Thomas J. Wise writes to the London "Bookman," giving an account of a copy of Landor's "Simondea," recently acquired by him, and supposed to be unique. But Professor Colvin, writing to the "Atheneum," states that a copy of the work is included in the Forster Library at South Kensington.

President Thwing of Adelbert College offers two prizes (of thirty and twenty dollars respectively) for the two best essays on "The Value of a College Education for a Boy." The competition is limited to boys who are actually members of the graduating classes of high schools or fitting academies, and the essays must be sent to President Thwing by the first of next August.

A new Carlyle anecdote, told by Provost Swan, is of timely interest. Mr. Swan and Carlyle were great

friends, and the former used to tell with real gusto how the author of "Sartor" narrated to him, during his last visit to London, an interview that he had with Mr. Gladstone. Carlyle was, of course, like the Liberal leader, a great talker, but it seems that in a speaking match he came off second best. The account of the interview as given by Carlyle to Mr. Swan was, "He thought *he* was right, and I thought *I* was right; but w' the gab o' him the body fairly spak me doon."

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just published "The Life and Work of John Ruskin," by Mr. W. J. Collingwood, in two volumes and in two editions. The four books into which the volumes are divided relate to (1) *The Boy Poet* [1814-1842]; (2) *The Art Critic* [1842-1860]; (3) *Hermit and Heretic* [1860-1870]; (4) *Professor and Prophet* [1870-1892]. The large paper edition has a number of extra illustrations, among them some very interesting photogravure portraits of Ruskin never before reproduced, the originals of which were kindly furnished by his life-long friend, Charles Eliot Norton.

"The Publisher's Weekly" prints this interesting note: "The entire Bible, translated by the Rev. Hiram Bingham into the language of the Gilbert Islands in the Southern Pacific, was printed, April 10, at the Bible House in the presence of several friends of the indefatigable missionary, to whom bound copies were presented as souvenirs later in the day. For thirty-four years Mr. Bingham has worked at his translation, and for the last ten months has devoted himself to reading the proofs of the Bible in a language which he has first reduced to writing, completing a vocabulary and constructing a grammar for his purpose. Another Bible is thus added to the list of the American Bible Society, which now sets the Scriptures in 242 languages."

The London "Literary World" supplies the following interesting information about a popular French writer: "Jules Verne is said to be engaged on his seventy-fourth novel. The report may readily be credited, seeing that for several years past the 'scientific story-teller' has produced a volume every six months. Though the literary world does not seem to know it, 'Jules Verne' is only a pen name. The novelist is by birth a Pole—a native of Warsaw—and his real name is Olchewitz. When he began to write he adopted the expedient of translating the initial syllables of his family patronymic (which in English means 'beech') into its French equivalent, and in this way he got 'Verne.' He is the youngest of three brothers, of whom the eldest died a few years ago, at the age — so it was said — of 110! He studied law to begin with, but had no success in it; and since he published his first scientific novel, 'Five Weeks in a Balloon,' in 1865, he has lived entirely by his pen."

The papers have recently given, among their foreign news, reports of the discovery, by Professor Rendel Harris, of a Syriac manuscript of the Gospels. That the discovery is not exactly a new one appears from a letter by Mrs. Lewis in the "Atheneum," from which we extract a few sentences. "Perhaps your readers may be interested to hear that the palimpsest of Old Syriac Gospels which I discovered and photographed fully during my visit to the Convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai, with my sister, Mrs. James Y. Gibson, in February, 1892, has now been transcribed by Prof. Bensly, Mr. Rendel Harris, and Mr. F. C. Burkitt. The photographs which I took last year of its 356 pages were shown by me in the month of July to

Mr. Burkitt, to whom I pointed out that the earlier writing contained at least the Synoptic Gospels. A closer examination by him and Professor Bensly revealed the fact that they are of a type allied to the Curetonian; and now the result of these gentlemen's labours and of Mr. Rendel Harris's is that we have a text of all the Four Gospels complete, with the exception of some eight pages. An edition will be given to the public with as little delay as possible."

Some interesting results have been obtained from the researches of the American School of Archæology at the Heraeum, or Temple of Hera, situated between Argos and Mycenæ. The excavations, which are being carried on by about 200 workmen, under the superintendence of Dr. Charles Waldstein, have revealed the site and foundations of the ancient temple mentioned by Homer, which was burned down in the year 423 B.C. A platform of polygonal pavement has been laid bare, above which was found a layer of débris containing fragments of charred wood, melted bronze, and other indications of a conflagration. Numerous specimens of pottery of so-called Mycœnean proto-Corinthian and geometrical patterns have been obtained. These and the other works of art found are all of the remotest antiquity, and form a discovery of considerable importance and value. The British School of Archæology has now concluded the excavations which have been carried on during recent years with much success at Megalopolis. Researches will be begun next week at Ægosthena, a little to the north-east of Corinth, where some remarkably perfect remains of fortifications dating from the fifth century B.C. exist. It is hoped that the site of the ancient temple of Melampus, mentioned by Pausanias, will be discovered.—*London Times*.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

May, 1893 (First List).

Alcohol and Distillation, Discovery of. *Popular Science*.
 Apples, Decay of. Illus. B. D. Halsted. *Popular Science*.
 Arizona, Lost Races of. R. E. L. Robinson. *Californian*.
 Beveridge, Kühne. Illus. Gertrude Atherton. *Lippincott*.
 Bonaparte, Jos., in Bordentown. Marion Crawford. *Century*.
 Braddock's Campaign. Illus. George Washington. *Scribner*.
 Brooks, Phillips. Rev. Arthur Brooks. *Harper*.
 Californian Writers. Illus. *Californian*.
 Cincinnati, Society of the. Illus. John Bunting. *Lippincott*.
 Cleveland, John, Poetry of. Clinton Scollard. *Dial*.
 Colorado and its Capital. Julian Ralph. *Harper*.
 Columbian Exposition, The. Illus. Candace Wheeler. *Harper*.
 Columbian Exposition, The. Illus. J. J. Peatfield. *Californian*.
 Columbian Exposition. Illus. Mrs. Van Rensselaer. *Century*.
 Columbus, Vespucci, and Magellan. Illus. *Californian*.
 Comédie Française at Chicago. Francisque Sarcey. *Scribner*.
 Confucian Ethics in Japan. J. H. De Forest. *Andover*.
 Country Printer, The. Illus. W. D. Howells. *Scribner*.
 Dahn, Felix, Reminiscences of. J. T. Hatfield. *Dial*.
 Decorative Painting at the Fair. Illus. W. L. Fraser. *Century*.
 Dietary for the Sick. Sir Dye Duckworth. *Popular Science*.
 Evolution, Experimental. George Baur. *Dial*.
 French Scare of 1875, The. Mr. De Blowitz. *Harper*.
 Glacial Man in Ohio. Illus. G. F. Wright. *Popular Science*.
 Japan, An Artist in. Illus. Robt. Blum. *Scribner*.
 Japanese Folk-Lore. Helen Gregory-Flesher. *Californian*.
 Japanese Home Life. Illus. W. Delano Eastlake. *Pop. Science*.
 Johnson, Samuel William. Illus. *Popular Science*.
 Kashmir. Illus. Francis P. Lefroy. *Californian*.
 Larcom, Lucy. James L. Onderonk. *Dial*.
 Lowell, James Russell. Illus. Charles E. Norton. *Harper*.
 Ministry, Primary Qualifications for. D. N. Beech. *Andover*.

Modern Preachers' Advantages. *Andover.*
 Muir, John. Illus. John Swett. *Century.*
 New York. Illus. Thomas A. Janvier. *Harper.*
 Nicaragua Canal. The. R. H. McDonald, Jr. *Californian.*
 Nicaragua. Illus. Gilbert Gaul. *Century.*
 Oswego State Normal School, The. Illus. Pop. Science.
 Pension Bureau, The. A. B. Casselman. *Century.*
 Poetry, Recent Books of. W. M. Payne. *Dial.*
 Pope, A. A., and Good Roads. L. M. Haupt. *Lippincott.*
 Quebec. Illus. Henry Loomis Nelson. *Harper.*
 San Francisco Architecture. Illus. E. C. Peixotto. *Overland.*
 Science and the Farmer. C. S. Plumb. *Popular Science.*
 Sea, Our Knowledge of the. G. W. Littlehales. *Pop. Science.*
 Sheep Shearing on the Santa Barbara Islands. Illus. *Overland.*
 Silk Culture. Illus. *Overland.*
 Silver Question, The. F. I. Vassault. *Overland.*
 St. Louis. Illus. James Cox. *Lippincott.*
 Switzerland a Nursery of Politics. Joseph King. *Andover.*
 Symonds, John Addington. *Dial.*
 Tennyson, Recollections of. John A. Symonds. *Century.*
 Ward, Artemus, Relics of. Illus. D. C. Seitz. *Century.*
 Waterloo, An Inside View. Joseph Kirkland. *Dial.*
 Wealth. A. P. Peabody. *Andover.*
 Woman in Horticulture. Maggie D. Brainard. *Californian.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 51 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY.

Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne. By Horatio Bridge. Illus., 16mo, pp. 200. *Harper & Bros.* \$1.25.
 The Earl of Aberdeen. By the Hon. Sir Arthur Gordon, G.C.M.G. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 330. *Harper's Queen's Prime Ministers Series.* \$1.00.
 Lavengro: The Scholar, the Gypsy, the Priest. By George Barrow, author of "The Bible in Spain." With introduction by Theodore Watts. Illus., 12mo, pp. 400. *Ward, Locke, Bowden & Co.* 75 cts.
 Service in Memory of Phillips Brooks, D.D., held in Music Hall, New York, Feb. 16, 1893. With portrait, 8vo, pp. 46. *Thos. Whittaker.*

ESSAYS, ETC.

Excursions in Criticism: Being Some Prose Recreations of a Rhymer. By William Watson. 16mo, pp. 166. *Macmillan & Co.* \$2.00.
 Essays in Literary Interpretation. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. 12mo, pp. 220, gilt top, uncut edges. *Dodd, Mead & Co.* \$1.25.
 The Choice of Books. By Frederic Harrison. 32mo, pp. 163. *Macmillan & Co.* 75 cts.
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